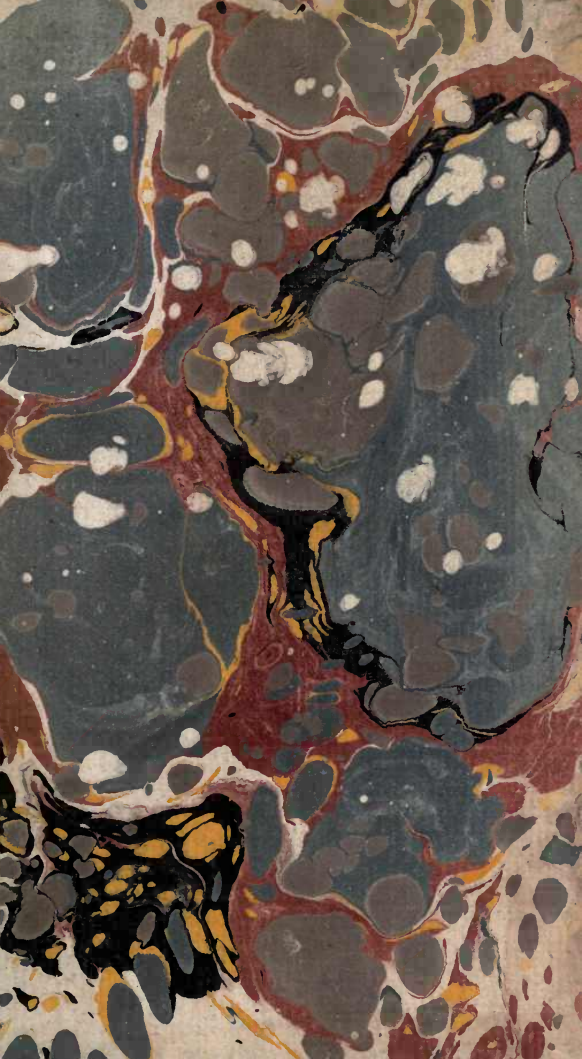






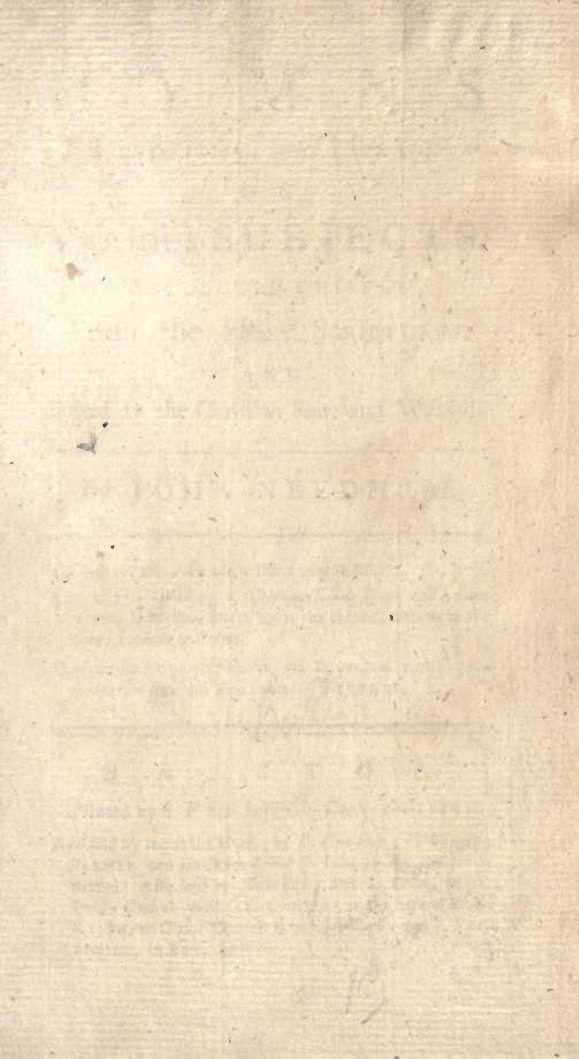
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H Y M N S

DEVOTIONAL *and* MORAL,

O N

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

COLLECTED CHIEFLY

From the HOLY SCRIPTURES.

A N D

Suited to the Christian State and Worship.

By JOHN NEEDHAM.

1 Thes. v. 18.---In every thing give thanks.

Rev. v. 13.---Blessing and honour, and glory and power
be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the
Lamb for ever and ever.

Quisque de scripturis sanctis, vel de proprio ingenio pro-
vocatur in medium Deo canere. TERTULL.

B R I S T O L:

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DERICK, in Bath, 1768.

Devotional and Moral

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BV

459

N 28h

T H E

P R E F A C E.

*T*HE favourable reception of many of the following Hymns among the Author's friends, together with their repeated solicitations to see them in print, have induced him to venture on this publication, not without hope that this attempt to serve the interests of real religion will in some measure answer that desirable end. How far these devotional compositions may come up to, or fall short of the dignity of sacred Poesy, must be left with the learned and judicious reader : but whether they partake of the spirit of poetry or not, 'tis to be hoped they will be found to breathe the genuine spirit of the gospel of Christ, which is that of devotion, gratitude

titude, purity, humility, charity, love, and peace.
 “ Great care has been taken (to use the words of
 “ the late excellent Dr. WATTS) to avoid the
 “ more obscure and controverted points of chris-
 “ tianity, that we might all obey the direction of
 “ the word of God, and sing his praise with
 “ understanding.” Should these Hymns be so
 far honoured as to be occasionally admitted into
 public worship, it is presumed there are few, if
 any expressions, in which christians of different
 sentiments may not cordially join; but should any
 word, or phrase give distaste, the reader is de-
 sired to alter it for one that he thinks better—
 Sometimes, though seldom, a line has been bor-
 rowed from other authors; a liberty which Dr.
 WATTS acknowledges he has taken in his version
 of the Book of Psalms.

Those christians who are for confining Psal-
 mody to subjects strictly devotional, will doubtless
 think that several of these Hymns are not so
 proper for religious worship as those that contain
 matter of adoration, prayer, praise and thanks-
 giving; whilst others, who chuse to indulge a
 greater latitude, may probably be pleased with
 that variety which is here offered them.

The

P R E F A C E. v

The Author takes this opportunity to return his sincere thanks to those learned friends who have done him the honour to peruse his manuscript, and favour him with their candid remarks; by which, he flatters himself, these Hymns will be rendered less unworthy of the publick eye than otherwise they would have been.

By the desire of a learned friend a Table is added of the principal Texts of scripture which are either paraphrased, or alluded to in the following Hymns. Since the Index and Tables have been drawn up, a few hymns have been composed, which, to prevent the trouble of altering the references, are annexed by way of Appendix. The reader will no doubt observe there is a near resemblance in some of the subjects, which the author hopes will excuse the repetition sometimes of the same thoughts and phrases; which had he more studiously avoided, he is of opinion that some particular Hymns would only have been rendered more languid than they are in their present form.

BRISTOL, October 12,

1768.

GLORIA IN SUPREMIS DEO, ET IN TERRA PAX,
ERGA HOMINES BENEVOLENTIA.

A vacant page not being agreeable to the Author's eye, he hopes the publick will not be displeas'd with the following ode.

AN ODE to CANDOUR.

I.

COME gentle Candour, spread thy wing
Around me whilst I strive to sing
My great Creator's name :
Thou for a trembling muse wilt feel,
Thy goodness shall her faults conceal,
Or with reluctance blame.

II.

Sister of Love, with thy soft charm,
'The critick's hostile hand disarm,
And smoothe his threat'ning brow ;
Partner of heav'n-descended Peace,
May thy blest triumphs still increase
'Till all to thee shall bow.

III.

Thou hast a thousand pleasing arts
To join divided hands and hearts
In the soft bonds of love :
The Serpent's wisdom dwells in thee
With all the sweet simplicity
That marks the harmless Dove.

IV.

O glorious church ! O blessed day !
When Wisdom shone with purest ray,
*That WISDOM FROM ABOVE ;
Not heathens could their wonder hide,
But quite amaz'd, they stood and cry'd
How much these Christians Love !

V.

Sway'd by thy laws, the christian name
No more shall be expos'd to shame
Thro' Discord's furious rage ;
But Charity shall mount her throne,
And whilst she makes her beauties known
Shall form a golden age.

T A B L E

T O

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T A B L E.

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T A B L E.

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T A B L E.

Hymn

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Hymn

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Z

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Zion behold your king	101

H Y M N S

DEVOTIONAL and MORAL, &c.

I. Long Metre.

Desiring to praise God like the Angels.

I.

MY God of ev'ry good the spring,
Tune thou my lips thy praise to sing;
The work of Heav'n, it's highest joy,
Shall my glad heart and tongue employ.

II.

'Tis pleasant Lord to sing thy praise,
And talk of all thy wond'rous ways;
When day new-born cheers mortal sight,
And when thy sun withdraws his light.

III.

Angels that bright celestial quire,
Thy praises sing, nor faint nor tire;
Not one is seen with harp unstrung,
Nor is there found a silent tongue.

A

With

IV.

With such an ardour warm our hearts,
 And we will then perform our parts :
 We'll join on earth thy hosts above,
 Who always sing, and always love.

V.

Tho' nature's pow'rs may droop and faint,
 Our glowing souls shall upwards pant ;
 The heav'nly work we will renew,
 And wish to sing as angels do.

VI.

But, O how blest will be the day,
 When we shall drop th' encumb'ring clay !
 And join with angels round the throne,
 In strains to mortal ears unknown.

II. Common Metre.

The Being of God the voice of universal nature.

I.

TIS nature's voice which reason speaks,
 Know man there is a God ;
 That great first cause who made the world,
 And rules it by his nod.

II.

The mighty truth unshaken stands,
 And scorns the Atheist's school ;
 His boasted sense and wit but prove
 He is the learned fool.

III.

Far as with backward steps we trace
 Great nature's wond'rous clue,
 We must at length stop at some cause
 Which no beginning knew.

This

IV.

This cause eternal we maintain,
 And this the God we name ;
 Of all perfection full possessor,
 Invariably the same.

V.

A God, the wiser nations own,
 Barbarians too consent ;
 Convinc'd by nature's wond'rous frame,
 That mighty argument.

VI.

The God, the present God we see,
 Where'er we turn our eyes ;
 In fairest lines his name is wrote
 On earth, and seas, and skies.

VII.

Almighty God ! I thee adore,
 Great author of my frame ;
 Long as I live my tongue shall sing
 The glories of thy name.

III. Common Metre.

The Unity of God. Deut. vi. 4.

I.

WHEN men pretending to be wise
 Forsook plain nature's rule,
 Their minds in endless mazes lost,
 The man became the fool.

II.

Tho' nature shew'd the one supreme,
 Fancy soon marr'd her book ;
 And for the God that made the world,
 His various works mistook.

III.

Sun, moon, and stars, are first ador'd,
 Then man is made divine;
 Each people form their guardian God,
 And bow before his shrine.

IV.

The nations still more stupid grow,
 And turn to very Stocks;
 The learn'd Egyptian's God behold,
 It is a grazing ox.

V.

Blush Israel, blush, the chosen seed
 Into like madness run;
 Israel first sav'd, then bid to hear
 The Lord their God was one.

VI.

Their Gods above, and Gods below,
 Let Heathen nations frame;
 One is our God, and Father too,
 Jehovah is his name.

IV. * Long Metre.

The Divine Perfections.

I.

A WAKE my tongue, thy tribute bring,
 To him who gave thee power to sing;
 Him praise, who is all praise above,
 The source of light, of truth and love.

Angels and men your voices join,
 To praise your maker all divine.

Foul

* This hymn may be sung to the tune of the old 112th Psalm, by adding these two lines;
 Angels and men your voices, &c.

II.

Foul are the heav'ns compar'd with him,
And all their glorious lights are dim ;
Angels have spots in his pure sight,
And darkness veils these sons of light.

Angels and men, &c.

III.

With him for strength who shall compare ?
What man, or mightier angels dare ?
A thousand worlds he can create,
Or with his breath annihilate.

Angels and men, &c.

IV.

What e'er the sov'reign ruler wills,
His mighty arm with ease fulfills ;
He wounds, he heals, he kills and saves,
From death's cold hand and threat'ning graves.

Angels and men, &c.

V.

How vast his knowledge, how profound !
A depth, where all our thoughts are drown'd ;
The stars he numbers, and their names
He gives to all these heav'nly flames.

Angels and men, &c.

VI.

The future, wrapt in darkest night,
Is always present to his sight ;
Nature's extent his eyes pervade,
And pierce through hell's most gloomy shade.

Angels and men, &c.

VII.

Through each bright world above behold
Ten thousand thousand charms unfold ;

Earth

Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
To speak his wisdom all divine.

Angels and men, &c.

VIII.

Justice and Truth support his throne,
To make his love, or terrors known;
Rebels that now his vengeance flight,
Must own at last his ways are right.

Angels and men, &c.

IX.

His goodness, O delightful theme!
O'er all his works still shines supreme;
In ceaseless streams behold it flow,
To all above, to all below.

Angels and men, &c.

X.

Ye saints admire his boundless grace,
Which shines in Jesu's lovely face;
His son, his best lov'd he gave
From sin and hell our souls to save.

Angels and men, &c.

V. Long Metre.

The Eternity of God. Ps. xc. 1, 2.

I.

GREAT God! with awe and with delight,
Our souls attempt an arduous flight,
Thee, great eternal! we adore,
Who art that sea which knows no shore.

II.

Before the azure sky was spread,
Or the huge mountain rear'd its head,
Or golden sun was plac'd on high,
Thy throne was thine eternity.

Days,

III.

Days, weeks, months, years, and ages too,
Are but a moment in thy view ;
To thee, whose eyes all time survey,
Thousands of years are as one day.

IV.

Thy days did ne'er beginning know,
Thy years no changes undergo ;
To thee the first, to thee the last,
Alike's the present, and the past.

V.

Nature and time shall both expire,
And earth and seas be lost in fire ;
Sun, moon, and stars, shall lose their light,
And all be one continued night.

VI.

But thou in light hast thine abode,
And art to everlasting God :
Let earth and seas, and skies be gone,
Thy endless ages must run on.

VI.

God's Eternity improved.

I.

ETERNAL God ! in ev'ry age,
In human life through every stage,
Thy goodness, truth, and power endure,
A refuge near, and always sure.

II.

Rejoice ye righteous, and depend
On God your ever living friend ;
Eternal strength can never faint,
Nor does he sleep who guards the saint.

Mean

III.

Mean let the righteous be, and poor,
 God's riches are an endless store ;
 He ne'er can want the best supply,
 Who has a God, a father nigh.

IV.

Let sickness seize his mortal frame,
 Or cruel malice blast his name ;
 Let friends forsake, or sick'ning fall,
 His God remains his All in All.

V.

Happy in life, in death more blest,
 He dies to enter into rest ;
 Where life and joys shall be compleat,
 Both ever lasting, ever sweet.

VI.

But where shall guilty wretches run,
 Eternal power incens'd to shun ?
 What vengeance cannot he require,
 Who is himself consuming fire.

VII. Common Metre.

God incomprehensible. Job xi. 7.

I.

CANST thou by searching find out God,
 Thou feeble child of man ?
 Canst thou his matchless glories grasp,
 Within thy narrow span.

II.

Too weak are mortal eyes to bear
 The splendors of his throne ;
 Too weak are angels eyes to view
 The infinite, unknown.

Behold

III.

Behold each seraph veils his face,
 When he prepares to sing;
 In strains which angels only know,
 The honours of their king.

IV.

Yet stretch my soul thy utmost powers;
 And thy whole strength exhaust;
 Well pleas'd the endless prospect view,
 In love, in wonder lost.

V.

Thou art exalted, O my God!
 Our highest praise above;
 Thy greatness is unsearchable,
 And boundless is thy love.

VI.

Thy way is in the trackless deep;
 Thy foot-steps are not known;
 High as the heavens thy mercy is,
 And judgment is thy throne.

VII.

Wond'rous and wise are all the works
 Of thine almighty hand;
 The thunder of thy awful pow'r
 Who Lord can understand?

VIII. Long Metre.

God is a Spirit. John iv. 24.

I.

THOU art, O God! a spirit pure,
 Invisible to mortal eyes;
 Th' immortal, and th' eternal king,
 The great, the good, the only wise.

B

Whilst

II.

Whilst nature changes, and her works
 Corrupt, decay, dissolve and die,
 Thy essence pure no change shall see,
 Secure of Immortality.

III.

Thou great invisible ! what hand
 Can draw thy image spotless fair ?
 To what in heaven, to what on earth
 Can men th' immortal king compare ?

IV.

Let stupid Heathens frame their gods
 Of gold and silver, wood and stone ;
 Ours is the God that made the heavens,
 Jehovah He, and God alone.

V.

My soul, thy purest homage pay,
 In truth and spirit him adore ;
 More shall this please than sacrifice,
 Than outward forms delight him more.

IX. Common Metre.

The glory of God manifested in his works.
 Rom. i. 20.

I.

ETERNAL God ! thou king supreme,
 How bright thy glories shine !
 The heavens, the earth, and seas unite
 To praise thy name divine.

II.

Some fainter semblance of thy self
 In nature's frame we see ;
 The wide extended vault of heaven
 Speaks thine immensity.

III.

The heavenly hosts that shine on high,
 And all harmonious roll,
 Thy power and wisdom tell whilst they
 Move round each steady pole.

IV.

Thy boundless goodness is diffus'd
 With the ætherial light;
 Breathes in the air, flows in the sea,
 And cheers the silent night.

V.

The fruitful earth, blest by thy hand,
 Pours out her rich supplies;
 The hills, and vales shout forth thy praise,
 And echo to the skies.

VI.

These praise thee all, yet ne'er can know
 The author of their frame;
 Whilst men whom reason's ray inspires
 Forget to bless thy name.

VII.

O may my heart, and tuneful tongue,
 With nature's chorus join!
 Form'd for thyself, what should I chuse
 But to be wholly thine?

X. Common Metre.

On the same subject. Psal. civ. 24.

I.

HOW various are thy works, O Lord!
 Their number who shall name?
 How bright thy wisdom shines throughout
 This universal frame?

II.

In weight and number how compleat ?

Exact in measure too ;

Ten thousand beauties strike our eyes,

But not the half we view.

III.

The heavens, a canopy most fair,

Thy wisdom, Lord, hath spread ;

Thy hands have poiz'd, the same support

The globe whereon we tread.

IV.

Sun, moon, and planets great and small,

Thy high commands obey ;

Along th' ætherial plains they run,

Nor ever miss their way.

V.

Various their orbs, yet never clash,

But all harmonious move ;

As tho' by active souls inspir'd,

And sway'd by pow'rful love.

VI.

Seasons and days they give to men

Whilst in their course they roll ;

In solemn silence spreading still

Thy praise from pole to pole.

VII.

The earth fill'd with thy riches speaks

Thy providence and care ;

Birds, beasts and fish, and creeping things

Thy various bounties share.

VIII.

But in the hand that fashion'd man

Superior skill we see ;

The last, the best of all thy works,

And thy fair image he.

Lord,

IX.

Lord, whilst thy wisdom we admire
 In our stupendous frame ;
 May all the powers which thou hast giv'n
 Unite to praise thy name.

XI. Long Metre.

A summary view of the creation. Gen. i.

I.

LOOK up, my soul, direct thy eyes
 To him who dwells above the skies ;
 With your glad notes his praise rehearse
 Who form'd the mighty universe.

II.

He spoke, and from the womb of night
 At once sprang up the chearing light ;
 Discord him heard, and at his nod
 Beauty awoke, and spoke the God.

III.

The Word he gave, th' obedient sun
 Began his glorious race to run ;
 Nor silver moon, nor stars delay
 To glide along th' ætherial way.

IV.

Teeming with life, air, earth and sea
 Obey th' Almighty's high decree ;
 To ev'ry tribe he gives their food,
 Then speaks the whole exceeding good.

V.

But to compleat the wond'rous plan,
 From earth and dust he fashions man ;
 In man the last, in him the best,
 The maker's image stands confest.

Lord,

VI.

Lord, whilst thy glorious works I view,
 Form thou my heart and soul anew;
 Here bid thy purest light to shine,
 And beauty glow with charms divine.

XII. Common Metre.

The 8th Psalm imitated.

I.

THRO' the wide world thy glories, Lord,
 Salute our wond'ring eyes;
 But not to earth confin'd, they far
 Transcend the lofty skies.

II.

When I the vast expanse survey,
 With all it's worlds of light;
 Thy sun ordain'd to rule the day,
 Thy moon and stars the night:

III.

In pleasing wonder lost I cry,
 Lord, what is sinful man?
 Form'd from the dust on which he treads,
 Whose days are but a span.

IV.

Lord, why should frail and mortal man
 Thy tender visits share?
 Or why his guilty, feeble sons
 Be thy peculiar care?

V.

Thy various honours crown his head,
 Thy blessings fill his hands;
 His soul to angels near a-kin,
 And next in rank he stands.

VI.

To him hast thou wide empire given,
 And bid him rule for thee,
 The tribes that fill the air and earth,
 And those that skim the sea.

VII.

The flocks and herds large tribute pay
 To their deputed king;
 And bird and fish of various kinds
 Their thousand blessings bring.

VIII.

Inspir'd by thee the infant tongue
 Shall sing thy lofty praise;
 Silent thy foes shall hear their song,
 And at the sucklings gaze.

IX.

Thro' the wide world thy glories, Lord,
 Salute our wond'ring eyes;
 But not to earth confin'd, they far
 Transcend the lofty skies.

XIII. Long Metre.

The 19th Psalm paraphrased.

I.

ALmighty God! the heavens proclaim
 The shining glories of thy name;
 The sun with its ten thousand rays,
 And moon and stars declare thy praise.

II.

The silent night, the chearful day
 Thy wond'rous skill and power display;
 By turns with heaven's high frame they join
 To speak their author all divine.

Through

III.

Through ev'ry land, in ev'ry clime
They talk to men in strains sublime ;
What tho' no tongue in them is found
In reason's ear they loudly sound.

IV.

From the fair chambers of the east,
In beauty like a bridegroom drest,
Thy sun comes forth with radiant face,
And like the mighty runs his race.

V.

Rejoicing in his strength he flies,
And hastens to the western skies ;
Pleas'd, like his maker, to bestow
His light and heat on all below.

VI.

But with a glory more divine
We see thy blessed gospel shine ;
Eternal truth unveils her face,
To win our souls to her embrace.

VII.

Thy law is perfect, spotless pure ;
Thy statutes right, thy judgments sure ;
Light to the eyes, and to the heart
The noblest joys thy laws impart.

VIII.

Here lie the treasures of the mind,
Than gold more pure seven times refin'd ;
Here we enjoy such sweet repast
That honey seems to have no taste.

IX.

Warn'd by thy precepts when I stray
I turn, and keep my heavenly way :
The great reward with joy I view,
Then like thy sun my course pursue.

The second part.

I.

WHO all his errors can recount ?
 So great, O Lord ! is their amount ;
 O thou whose eyes see all within !
 Cleanse me from ev'ry secret sin.

II.

Keep thou my soul for ever far
 From crimes that more presumptuous are ;
 Releas'd from sin's imperious reign,
 I hate the tyrant and the chain.

III.

Thy pard'ning grace shall make me whole,
 Nor shall great guilt affright my soul,
 Whilst conscience, with approving voice,
 Shall speak and bid my heart rejoice.

IV.

O may each thought within my mind,
 And all my words acceptance find ;
 Receive the off'rings, Lord, I bring,
 My strength, my saviour, and my king.

XIV. Long Metre.

The 96th Psalm. First part.

I.

TO God the Lord new songs address,
 His name let all the nations bless ;
 In grateful accents day by day
 His saving power and grace display.

II.

His glorious deeds let Heathens hear,
 And learn Jehovah's name to fear ;

Great is the Lord, and be his praise
Great as his wond'rous name and ways.

III.

No idol Gods must ever claim
The honours due to his great name ;
He made the heavens, and rules alone,
Nor will with idols share the throne.

IV.

Honour and majesty divine,
Around him in full glory shine ;
And in his sacred courts below,
Beauty and strength before him go.

V.

Ye people of each name and tribe,
Glory and strength to God ascribe ;
With willing hands your off'rings bring,
And in his courts his glories sing.

VI.

O come his favour to implore,
In holy beauties him adore ;
Let all the nations far and near,
The God of all the earth revere.

XV. Long Metre.

The 100th Psalm.

I.

YE lands of every tongue and name
The praises of the Lord proclaim ;
With hearts and tongues united sing
The honours of your God and king.

II.

Approach ye saints, with willing feet,
To his majestic glorious seat ;

Let

Let heavenly joy throughout each quire,
The musick and the verse inspire.

III.

Know that the Lord is God alone,
His hands have form'd you, not your own;
Your shepherd he, and you the sheep,
His gracious hands both feed and keep.

IV.

Unto his temple-gates repair,
With grateful hearts to praise him there;
And whilst ye tread the hallow'd ground,
Let all his courts with praise resound.

V.

His goodness sing, it reigns supreme,
His mercy flows a constant stream;
The truth that makes his promise sure,
To endless ages shall endure,

XVI. Common Metre.

The 103d Psalm. 1----8.

I.

A WAKE my soul, rouse all thy powers
To bless the God of heaven;
Nor let my grateful song forget
A single blessing given.

II.

When press'd with guilt, his pitying eye
Beheld the inward smart;
He freely pardon'd all thy sins,
And heal'd thy wounded heart.

III.

When pain and anguish bow'd thee down,
He came for thy relief;

He

He did support thy fainting soul
And heal thy various grief.

IV.

Thy dubious life he has redeem'd
And snatch'd thee from the grave ;
Thy head up-rais'd he crown'd with love :
And youthful vigour gave.

V.

So the long-living eagle sees
Of youth a second spring ;
Dropping the old, with plumage new
She spreads her youthful wing.

VI.

The Lord from his rich bounty fills
Thy mouth with needful food ;
And to thy daily blessings adds
Variety of good.

VII.

The Lord from his exalted seat,
Hears the oppressed groan ;
Their righteous cause he will defend,
And make his justice known.

VIII.

The law by Moses' hand he gave
Unto the chosen race ;
But by his only son he sent,
The volume of his grace.

XVII. Peculiar Metre.

The 113th Psalm.

I.

YE faints and servants of the Lord,
Who hear and do his holy word,
With

With your best songs his throne address :
Ye angels who with joy fulfill
The higher orders of his will,
His glorious name for ever bless.

II.

Nations beneath the source of day,
Who see the sun's first glad'ning ray,
And ye beneath the setting sun,
With hearts and tongues united sing,
Your maker God, your heavenly king,
'Till time itself his race has run.

III.

Who of his shining hosts shall dare,
With him th' Almighty to compare ?
Whom earth nor spacious heavens confine ;
He reigns supreme, exalted high
Above the earth above the sky,
And claims our honours most divine.

IV.

His glories are so matchless great,
'Tis far beneath his lofty state
To mind what angels do above ;
How great then is that richer grace
To dwell with man of sinful race,
Who can conceive such wond'rous love ?

V.

* When pious parents see their heirs,
The objects of their tender cares,
By virtuous deeds to honour soar,
Joyous the parents hope their seed
Will live the cause of God to plead,
When they on earth shall be no more.

VI. The

* As piety can only make children a real blessing to virtuous parents, the author hopes he shall be excused for the turn he has ventured to give this verse.

VI.

The needy find his promise sure,
 From the mean dust he lifts the poor
 To sit with princes near the throne :
 Let high and low his grace record,
 Let young and old adore the Lord,
 And make his boundless glories known.

XVIII. As the 148th Psalm.

The 113th Psalm.

I.

YE servants of the Lord,
 On earth that do his will,
 Ye angels who rejoice
 His orders to fulfill ;
 With your best songs
 His throne address,
 And never cease
 His name to bless.

II.

Ye nations that behold
 The early sun arise,
 And ye who dwell remote,
 Beneath the western skies,
 With heart and tongue
 United sing
 Your maker God,
 Your heavenly king.

III.

Who shall with him compare ?
 How bright his glories shine !
 Our highest praise he claims,
 Our honours most divine :

He

He reigns supreme,
Exalted high,
Above the earth,
Above the sky.

IV.

'Tis far beneath his state,
The things in heaven to view;
He greatly condescends
To see what angels do ;
Yet lower stoops,
O wond'rous grace !
To dwell with men,
A sinful race.

V.

He from the dust exalts
The men of low estate ;
And makes the needy sit
With princes in the gate :
Let high and low
His grace record,
And ever bless
The sov'reign Lord.

XIX. As the 148th Psalm.

The 122d Psalm.

I.

WHAT joy posselt my heart ?
What transport did I feel ?
To hear my pious friends
Express their holy zeal :
To Zion's hill
Let us repair ;
To pay our vows,
And worship there.

With

II.

With willing feet we'll go,
Within her gates we'll stand;
Zion, thy courts we love
The glory of our land;
In our esteem
Thy buildings are
Divinely rich,
Divinely fair.

III.

How pleasant 'tis to see
The thronging tribes ascend?
With holy longings there
The sacred hours to spend;
Where God records
His gracious name,
His saints may lay
Their humble claim.

IV.

Here David's greater son,
Maintains his royal throne;
The king of righteousness
Here makes his glories known;
To earth he came
From realms above,
To rule the world
With truth and love.

V.

For Zion's peace, ye saints,
Your fervent pray'rs unite;
Be this your work by day,
Your pleasure this by night:
Zion, thy sons
Which love thee best,
Shall in thy peace
Be greatly blest.

VI. For

VI.

For our dear brethren's sake,
Zion, we wish thee peace;
Prosper, O prosper long,
And may thy sons increase,
We seek thy good,
We love the road
Which leads us to
God's blest abode.

XX. Common Metre.

The 146th Psalm.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord, my soul shall praise
My God, and heavenly King;
Long as my heaving lungs shall move
My tongue his praise shall sing.

II.

Vain is the trust we put in men,
The noble and the brave;
Princes, who make their boast of power,
Have not an arm to save.

III.

Their breath departs, to earth they turn
A putrid mass of clay;
Their pomp, their power and airy schemes
All vanish in a day.

IV.

But blest is he whom Jacob's God
Defends from threat'ning harm;
Whose humble faith and hope relies
On God's almighty arm.

D

The

V.

The God that made the lofty heavens,
 And spread the flowing seas,
 He that hath form'd their hosts can do
 Whate'er his heart shall please.

VI.

The Lord will plead for the oppress'd,
 His truth for ever reigns ;
 The Lord will fill the hungry soul,
 And break the pris'ner's chains.

VII.

The Lord restores the blind to sight ;
 The stranger he'll defend :
 The mourning widow he relieves,
 And is the orphan's friend.

VIII.

He loves his saints, supports the weak
 When sorrows sink them low ;
 But sinners and their wicked schemes
 The Lord will overthrow.

IX.

Zion thy God for ever reigns,
 With joy his grace record ;
 Whilst circling ages run, ye saints,
 Adore and praise the Lord.

XXI. Long Metre.

*Desiring not to degrade God in attempting his
 praise.*

I.

GREAT God ! assist my feeble lays
 Whilst I attempt thy lofty praise ;
 With thy pure light all clouds dispel,
 And ev'ry inward tumult quell. Exalt

II.

Exalt my soul, my breast inspire,
 Touch thou my lips with sacred fire;
 Nor let me more, eternal king,
 Degrade thee whilst thy praise I sing.

III.

Great parent, ruler, Lord of all,
 Before whose throne bright seraphs fall,
 To thee I bow, and thankful own
 The grace that calls me to thy throne.

IV.

But how shall mortal tongue unfold
 Glories which angels can't behold?
 Well may thy glories me surprize,
 When shining angels veil their eyes.

V.

But tho' thy glories shine too bright
 E'en for thy elder sons of light;
 Yet, Lord, thy works shall thee proclaim,
 And here we'll read thy wond'rous name.

VI.

Thee, in thy offspring, we will view,
 Through starry worlds the God pursue;
 With nature's voice we'll chearful join
 To sing thy skill and power divine.

XXII.

The Universal Parent.

I.

GREAT parent of the universe!
 All nature speaks thy name;
 Angels in strains unknown to men
 Thy glories shall proclaim.

II.

Thy breath these nobler spirits form'd,
 'Tis with thy rays they shine ;
 In these thy fairer sons we read
 The parent,----all divine.

III.

Thy hand with nicest art has fram'd
 Our bodies from the clay ;
 Our nobler souls by thee inspir'd
 Thy greater skill display.

IV.

In nearer ties than nature boasts
 Great Father ! make me thine ;
 Thy image on my soul instamp'd
 Shall speak my birth divine.

V.

Loveliest of parents ! I adore
 Thy rich adopting love ;
 Such grace my praise exceeds and soars
 My highest thoughts above.

VI.

O may it be my sweet employ
 To do thy holy will ;
 Then wilt thou own me for thy child,
 And my best hopes fulfill.

XXIII. Long Metre.

The goodness of God. Pf. cxlv. 15, 16. cvii. 8.

I.

THY goodness, Lord, shall be my song,
 Awake my heart, awake my tongue ;
 Come all my Powers, and chearful join
 In work so heavenly, so divine.

The

II.

The whole creation is thy care,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The feather'd tribes, the finny brood
Receive alike their meat from God.

III.

Thy sun-beams chear the sluggish earth,
Thy rains and dews help nature's birth:
Each garden, wood, and fruitful field
Thy blessings in succession yield.

IV.

O that the sons of men would raise
The grateful tribute to thy praise!
Man with superior favours blest
Should love thee most, should serve thee best.

V.

Why was he form'd with nobler mind
If not to higher ends design'd?
Let ravens cry, and lions roar,
But man contemplate and adore.

VI.

Man, the creation's king and priest,
Should offer praise for all the rest;
His tongue, the glory of his frame
Should ceaseless sing his maker's name.

VII.

Redeeming grace, in each rich stream,
Will ever be his highest theme;
Be this my song, O God of love!
On earth below, in heaven above.

XXIV. Short Metre.

The same.

I.

THY goodness, Lord, how great?
 How worthy of my song?
 Awake my heart, to this great theme
 The noblest strains belong.

II.

The whole creation, Lord,
 Depends upon thy care;
 Both man and beast, with fish and birds,
 Thy various bounty share.

III.

Thy quick'ning sun-beams chear
 The cold and senseless earth;
 Thy gentle rains and soft'ring dews
 Help teeming nature's birth.

IV.

Drest in the richest green
 The fields and gardens smile;
 Thy herbs and ripen'd fruits repay
 The labourer's care and toil.

V.

O all ye human tongues
 Come, in the concert join!
 Man with superior favours crown'd
 Should sing with notes divine.

VI.

His nobler mind was form'd
 A sacred song to raise;
 Ravens can cry and lions roar,
 But man can only praise.

Man,

VII.

Man, the creation's priest,
Should sing for all the rest;
His tongue, the glory of his frame,
Should praise his maker best.

VIII.

His most exalted song
Is still redeeming love;
Be this my song whilst here below,
And this my song above.

XXV. Common Metre.

An holy God to be reverently worshipped.

Isa. viii. 13.

I.

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal king;
Thrice holy Lord the angels cry,
Thrice holy let us sing!

II.

Heaven's brightest lamps with him compar'd
Are mean and look but dim;
And angels fair have too their spots
When once compar'd with him.

III.

Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways
Shall perish from his sight.

IV.

Holy the temple where of old
Th' Almighty fix'd his rest;
Sacred his altar with it's fire,
And holy every priest.

But

V.

But temples made with human hands
 Our God no more doth prize;
 The humble heart his temple is,
 And prayer the sacrifice.

VI.

The veneration of the mind,
 My soul pay to thy God;
 Lift with the hands a holy heart
 To his sublime abode.

VII.

With sacred awe pronounce his name
 Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
 A broken heart shall please him more
 Than the best forms of speech.

VIII.

Thou holy God! preserve my soul
 From all pollution free;
 The pure in heart are thy delight,
 And they thy face shall see.

XXVI. Common Metre.

God a righteous judge. Gen. xviii. 25.

I.

WHEN Sodom's rich but guilty plains
 To wrath divine were doom'd,
 Abr'am the patriarch interpos'd,
 And thus his plea assum'd.

II.

“ Shall good and bad together fall,
 “ And undistinguish'd lie?
 “ Far be this ever from the God
 “ That rules above the sky.

“ Shall

III.

“ Shall not the judge of all the earth,
 “ Whom righteous acts delight;
 “ Shall not the spring whence justice flows
 “ Do ever what is right?

IV.

Thus did the holy patriarch plead
 With zeal, with pity warm;
 And saw with joy just Lot preserv'd
 From the sulphureous storm.

V.

Let God in wrath destroy a land,
 Or drown in floods a world;
 Guilty they were and did deserve
 In ruin to be hurl'd.

VI.

What tho' the faint sometimes may smart
 Beneath a heavier rod?
 He that inflicts the blow is still
 A just and righteous God.

VII.

The ways of heaven, dark as they seem,
 Are not without their light;
 The last, that brightest day of truth
 Will shew that all is right.

XXVII. Common Metre.

The Divine Patience. Rom. ii. 4.

I.

WHY are not sinners, Lord, consum'd
 By thy avenging rod?
 'Tis, Lord, because thou art the good,
 And the long-suff'ring God.

E

Tho'

II.

Tho' men provoke thee to thy face,
 And thy rich grace despise ;
 Yet still thy bounty feeds thy foes,
 Thy thunder sleeping lies.

III.

On swiftest wings thy mercy flies,
 Thy wrath advances slow ;
 Long dost thou whet thy glitt'ring sword
 Before it gives the blow.

IV.

Long didst thou bear a guilty world
 With rapine fill'd and blood ;
 Thy patience wish'd to have restrain'd
 The wide destroying flood.

V.

Could even Sodom the impure
 Have nam'd ten righteous men ;
 Thy flaming sword in sulphur dipt
 Would have been sheath'd again.

VI.

How often did thy anger burn
 Against thy chosen seed ?
 But still thy heart within thee turn'd
 For them thy bowels plead.

VII.

" How shall I give my Ephraim up ?
 " My wrath on Israel vent ?
 " How shall I Admah's plagues inflict ?
 " I pity and repent."

VIII.

So great are thy compassions, Lord,
 Our songs they far exceed ;
 O may such goodness melt our hearts,
 And to repentance lead !

XXVIII. Long Metre.

The Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.

I.

* **I**N vain, great God, in vain I try,
 To shun the notice of thine eye;
 What can restrain thy boundless view
 Who seest the whole creation through?

II.

The tender rudiments of thought,
 Not yet to form or likeness brought,
 To thee are most exactly known
 Ere I can say they are my own.

III.

I cannot speak but thou wilt hear,
 My softest whispers reach thine ear;
 All eye and ear, all thought thou art,
 And know'st each secret of my heart.

IV.

My private walks to thee are known,
 In solitude I'm not alone;
 † Awake, asleep, at home, abroad
 I am surrounded still with God.

V.

Knowledge immense! who can it find
 Which drowns at once my narrow mind?
 Whither, O whither! shall I run
 Thy dreadful power and wrath to shun.

VI.

If to the heavenly worlds I fly
 There is thy seat of majesty;
 If to the dark abyss I go
 I meet thee in the worlds below.

E 2

Should

* See a paraphrase on Psal. cxxxix. by the Rev. Mr. Norris.

† These two lines are taken from Dr. Watts.

VII.

Should I the wings of light put on,
And in my course outstrip the sun;
Thy lengthen'd arm would overtake,
Nor for a moment me forsake.

VIII.

Could I more swiftly fly than thought
To lands unknown and most remote;
Tho' chang'd my clime, my sky, my air,
Thy presence would be with me there.

IX.

To shades and darkness should I run
Which ne'er beheld the chearful sun;
In midnight darkness should I hide
Thou would'st the vain attempt deride.

X.

Thou canst not need or sun or moon,
With thee 'tis a perpetual noon;
How can I from thy presence flee
When midnight gloom is noon to thee?

XI.

O may these thoughts possess my soul,
And all my inward powers controul!
Then I'll rejoice that thou art nigh,
Nor from thy presence wish to fly.

XXIX. Long Metre.

The truth and faithfulness of God. Num. xxiii. 19

I.

YE humble saints proclaim abroad
The honours of a faithful God,
How just and true are all his ways,
How much above your highest praise?

The

II.

The words his sacred lips declare
Of his own mind the image bear;
What should him tempt, from frailty free,
Blest in his self-sufficiency?

III.

He will not his great self deny;
A God all truth can never lie:
As well might he his being quit
As break his oath, or word forget.

IV.

Let frightened rivers change their course,
Or backward hasten to their source;
Swift thro' the air let rocks be hurl'd,
And mountains like the chaff be whirl'd.

V.

Let sun and stars forget to rise,
Or quit their stations in the skies;
Let heaven and earth both pass away,
Eternal truth shall ne'er decay.

VI.

Firm as his throne his promise stands;
For truth's the sceptre in his hands;
The men that love and fear his name
Shall always find his truth the same.

VII.

True to his word, God gave his son,
To die for crimes which men had done;
Blest pledge! he never will revoke
A single promise he has spoke.

The

XXX.

The same as the 148th Psalm.

I.

YE saints that love the Lord,
 To praise his name unite;
 His truth and grace to sing
 Be ever your delight.
 How just and true
 Are all his ways,
 How much above
 Your highest praise?

II.

The words his sacred lips
 In ev'ry age declare
 Of his own spotless mind
 The perfect image bear.
 What can him tempt
 To lie, or cheat,
 In nature free,
 In bliss compleat?

III.

By his great self he swears,
 Himself he can't deny;
 The source of truth and right
 Can ne'er repent or lie:
 As well might he
 His being quit
 As break his oath
 Or word forget.

IV.

Let rivers cease to flow,
 Or change their wonted course;
 Or backward let them run
 To find their secret source;

Swift

Swift thro' the air
Let hills be hurl'd,
And mountains huge
Like chaff be whirl'd.

V.

Let sun and moon and stars
Forget their time to rise;
Or in a moment quit
Their stations in the skies;
Let heaven and earth
Both pass away,
Eternal truth
Shall ne'er decay.

VI.

Firm as his throne of state
His gracious promise stands;
For truth shall ever be
The sceptre in his hands;
The men that love
And fear his name
Shall ever find
His grace the same.

VII.

True to his solemn word
He gave his only son;
Upon the cross to bleed
For crimes which men had done:
Blest earnest this
He'll not revoke
A single word
His lips have spoke.

God

XXXI. Long Metre.

God the unchangeable father of lights. James
i. 17.

I.

FATHER of lights! thou source of love!
All good descends from thee above;
In plenteous streams thy favours flow,
Nor bounds thy gifts, nor measure know.

II.

The sun with his prolific rays,
Almighty God! shall speak thy praise;
Nature's great boast, and emblem bright
Of thee thou uncreated light.

III.

Perpetual change on earth we see,
Nor is thy sun from changes free;
But thou supreme! art still the same,
And truth and love compose thy name.

IV.

Great intellectual sun! thy light
Is ne'er obscur'd by cloud or night;
What can thy light, thy heat impair
Thou perfect good, thou perfect fair?

V.

When time his destin'd race has run,
When night perpetual veils thy sun,
When vanquish'd by the last great fire
All nature shall in groans expire:

VI.

Then shalt thou, Lord, unchang'd remain,
In fullest glories thou shalt reign;
Angels and saints shall ceaseless sing
Thy praise, thou great immortal king!

The

XXXII. Long Metre.

*The imitation of God's moral perfections. Mat.
v. 48.*

I.

HOW matchless, Lord, thy glories are!
What mortal can with thee compare!
Angels can't boast an arm divine,
Or thunder with a voice like thine.

II.

Yet angels may resemble thee
In goodness, love and purity;
Man too may thy blest image bear,
And shine in robes which angels wear.

III.

Great author of th' immortal mind!
For noblest thoughts and views design'd;
Make me ambitious to express
The image of thy holiness.

IV.

Whilst I thy boundless love admire
Grant me to catch the sacred fire;
Thus shall my heavenly birth be known,
And for thy child thou wilt me own.

V.

Father, I see thy sun arise
To cheer thy friends and enemies;
And when thy rain from heaven descends
Thy bounty both alike befriends.

VI.

Enlarge my soul with love like thine;
My moral powers by grace refine;
So shall I feel another's woe,
And chearful feed an hungry foe.

VII.

I hope for pardon through thy son
 For all the crimes which I have done :
 O may the grace that pardons me
 Constrain me to forgive like thee.

XXXIII. Long Metre.

God's supreme dominion. Psal. xcvii. 1.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns, thou earth rejoice,
 Proclaim his praise with chearful voice :
 Ye isles the spacious earth around
 To distant shores convey the sound.

II.

Ye kings and princes him adore,
 The source of all your sov'reign power :
 The meek he raises to a throne,
 And thrusts the haughty tyrant down.

III.

He pleads the just and righteous cause
 Of kings that govern by his laws :
 And when the heroes take the field
 He is their helmet, he their shield.

IV.

Let mighty kings their armies boast,
 Their thousands are a feeble host :
 Let God the weak with strength supply,
 And five shall make their hundreds fly.

V.

The hearts of kings he turns with ease
 To do whate'er his mind shall please :
 As gentle streams, with little force,
 Will quickly change their wonted course.

Tremble,

VI.

Tremble, thou earth, before thy God,
 Who smites whole kingdoms with his rod ;
 As lightning swift his arrows fly,
 And men by thousands gasp and die.

VII.

Thy power, my sov'reign Lord, I own,
 And humbly bow before thy throne ;
 In thee I chearful put my trust,
 Great ruler, holy, good, and just !

XXXIV. Long Metre.

Another on the same subject.

I.

THOU rul'st supreme, almighty God !
 Both earth and heaven obey thy nod :
 Nor saints above, nor men below
 Must dare to say, Why dost thou so ?

II.

Let God but speak, it doth suffice,
 The radiant sun forgets to rise :
 Or shining, in mid-heaven will stand
 Arrested by his pow'rful hand.

III.

Empires and states, both great and small,
 At his command or rise, or fall ;
 The power that numbers all the stars
 Regards our most minute affairs.

IV.

What's best he knows, and what most fit,
 Dispute is vain, he saith submit :
 To thee, O God ! I would resign
 My soul, my all ; thy will be mine.

V.

Trusting to thy superior skill,
 Thy precepts, Lord, may I fulfill:
 In clearest light my duty place,
 And I will run the heavenly race.

XXXV. Long Metre.

The enlargement of God's kingdom desired.

Mat. vi. 10.

I.

AWAKE my soul and gladly sing
 The praises of thy God and king;
 Who reigns above the starry sky
 Unrival'd in his majesty.

II.

His throne is heaven, his foot-stool earth
 To which his pow'rful word gave birth;
 The purest light his robes compose,
 And truth the sceptre he has chose.

III.

Myriads of angels round him wait,
 His nobler ministers of state:
 Fire, hail, and storm obey his word,
 Th' inferior servants of their Lord.

IV.

Sun, moon and stars arise and set,
 And ne'er their orders they forget:
 Rejoice, O earth! Jehovah reigns
 The king of saints his throne maintains.

V.

The humble heart, that low abode
 Is the best empire of my God:
 Erect thy kingdom, Lord, within,
 And may thy grace subdue each sin.

To

VI.

To distant lands thy gospel send,
 And thus thy empire wide extend :
 To Gentile, Turk, and stubborn Jew,
 Thou king of grace ! salvation shew.

VII.

Where'er thy sun, or light arise,
 Thy name, O God ! immortalize :
 May nations yet unborn confess,
 Thy wisdom, power, and righteousness.

XXXVI. Long Metre.

Angels paying their homage before the throne.
 Isa. vi. 2, 3, 4.

I.

EXERT my soul thy noblest pow'rs
 To praise th' eternal king :
 The fruitful source of varied life,
 Of good the constant spring.

II.

Up far above the skies he sits
 On his exalted throne :
 In heaven, on earth, thro' air and seas,
 He makes his glories known.

III.

Before his throne bright seraphs stand,
 Those ministers of fire ;
 With love they burn, nor languor know
 For angels never tire.

IV.

Two wings their radiant faces veil
 To pay the rev'rence meet :
 A pair with holy care they spread
 To cover close their feet.

V.

For speedy flight a pair remain,
 And these they stretch abroad ;
 Swift like the light'ning to fulfill
 The orders of their God.

VI.

In notes unknown to mortal ears
 Thrice holy Lord they sing ;
 Whilst with the musick of their tongues
 The heavenly arches ring.

VII.

Thou king of angels sweetly touch
 My lips with thy pure fire !
 My song must be divine, when thou
 The musick wilt inspire.

XXXVII. Long Metre.

Angels our pattern in doing the will of God,

I.

AWAKE my sluggish soul, awake
 Celestial guides thy pattern make ;
 Ambitious see the sons of light,
 And dare t' attempt an angel's flight.

II.

Not one rebellious can be found,
 The peaceful courts of bliss around :
 Angels and saints harmonious join
 In work and pleasures all divine.

III.

Before the throne bright Gabriel stands
 Waiting to hear his Lord's commands ;
 In strength excelling, and in skill
 Angels perform their sov'reign's will.

Wing'd

IV.

Wing'd with pure zeal and love they fly
 With wond'rous speed down from the sky;
 *Before the faint concludes his prayer
 The heavenly messenger is there.

V.

Chearful they serve their God and our's,
 Before him prostrate all their pow'rs :
 Unwearied all they seek no rest,
 But in the thought to please God best.

VI.

Mount, O my soul, on wings of love,
 And do below what's done above :
 Angelick zeal, and ardor shew,
 And thus commence an angel too.

XXXVIII. Long Metre.

The power of God in the kingdom of nature.

Psal. xxix. 3, 4, 7, 8.

I.

GREAT is the Lord, his pow'r is great,
 My tongue his mighty acts relate :
 Adore and fear the sov'reign Lord,
 Who rules all nature by his word.

II.

He speaks—the gath'ring clouds obey ;
 Thick darkness veils the face of day ;
 Swift light'nings burst the pitchy cloud,
 And awful thunders roar aloud.

Rous'd

* Daniel ix. 21. Yea whilst I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation. See Acts x. 30, 31.

III.

Rous'd at his call the winds awake,
And from their wings destruction shake;
With groans the bending woods resound,
And cast their honours to the ground.

IV.

On mounting waves the sailors rise,
They seem to touch the very skies;
Instant they plunge with dreadful hiss,
O'erwhelm'd and lost in the abyss.

V.

Well may poor mortals fear and quake,
His voice makes hills and mountains shake:
Far o'er the land the billows dash,
And cities fall with hideous crash.

VI.

He speaks—the winds their fury cease,
The raging waves are hush'd to peace;
Nature her calmest looks puts on,
Well pleas'd the sudden night is gone.

VII.

Great is the Lord, his pow'r is great;
My tongue his mighty acts relate;
Adore and fear the sov'reign Lord,
Who rules all nature by his word.

XXXIX. Common Metre.

**The power of God in earthquakes.*

I.

GREAT God! thy vast and deep designs
What mortal can explore?
To trace thy steps is not our part,
But humbly to adore.

Slow

* Compos'd on occasion of the dreadful earthquake at Lisbon, 1755.

II.

Slow is thy wrath, thy patience great;
 But when thy anger burns
 It shakes the earth, it shakes the sea
 And mountains overturns.

III.

Deep in the earth thy magazines
 Of dreadful vengeance lie;
 And when thy blast shall fire the train
 Huge rocks shall upwards fly.

IV.

Convulsions seize the heaving earth
 At thy almighty call;
 Cities with all their lofty towers
 In hideous ruin fall.

V.

Repent, repent, thy vengeance cries,
 May Britain hear thy rod;
 Forgive our sins, Lord, spare our land,
 And still be Britain's God.

VI.

Whilst mercy lasts may Britons know
 The season of thy grace:
 Lest fiery vengeance should consume
 A vile rebellious race.

XL. Common Metre.

An Hymn before Prayer. Mat. vi. 7. 8.

I.

O How endearing is the name
 Of God our heavenly king!
 Hearer of prayer in every age,
 Of grace th' eternal spring,

G

Ye

II.

Ye pious souls devoutly come
 To worship at his throne:
 Before your lips begin to move
 Your wants to him are known.

III.

A father's eye by night and day
 The heaven-born child surveys:
 A father's ear is open still
 To hear him when he prays.

IV.

The humble faint shall always find
 An heavenly father nigh;
 Who knows the language of his heart,
 The meaning of a sigh.

V.

Our words 'tis needless to repeat
 As stupid heathens do:
 And the long prayers of Pharisees
 Are still but empty shew.

VI.

Few be our words, those few well weigh'd;
 Such reverence we owe
 To him who rules in heaven above,
 And on the earth below.

XLI. Common Metre.

The majesty and mercy of God.

I.

HE reigns---th' almighty reigns supreme,
 Ye humble saints rejoice:
 Nations attend with awe, and hear
 The thunder of his voice.

Dominions,

II.

Dominions, thrones, and mighty powers
Lie prostrate at his feet:
Each seraph lays his glittering crown
Before his awful seat.

III.

Ten thousand shining servants wait
His orders to fulfill:
As light'ning swift they fly to save,
And fly as swift to kill.

IV.

Earth trembles at one look of his,
And mighty seas retire:
Touch'd by his hand the mountains smoke,
And pour down liquid fire.

V.

Great as his power, so great his grace,
For mercy guards his throne:
By mercy more than by his wrath
He chuses to be known.

VI.

Lord, may thy terrors fill my soul
With sacred awe of thee;
So shall thy power, and boundless grace
My constant refuge be.

XLII. Short Metre.

Drawing nigh to God. Psal. lxxiii. 28.

I.

I'LL wait on thee, my God;
To thee lift up mine eyes;
Long as I live I'll call on thee,
For thou wilt hear my cries.

II.

Come all my powers unite
 To seek th' Almighty name :
 The prayer of faith has wonders done,
 And still may do the same.

III.

The morning light shall bear
 Its witness to my cry ;
 And when the evening spreads her veil
 My voice shall reach the sky.

IV.

Search gracious God, my heart,
 And make it clean throughout ;
 So will I worship thee in truth,
 Nor wish to seem devout.

V.

The men of heart sincere
 Shall always find thee nigh :
 Thy presence shall revive their souls
 And ev'ry want supply.

VI.

My help must come from thee,
 On thee my hopes I place ;
 For boundless power must needs perform
 The promises of grace.

VII.

My God ! if 'tis so good
 Now to draw nigh to thee ;
 What joys must fill my raptur'd soul
 Thy blisful face to see ?

Prayer

XLIII. Common Metre.

Prayer and praise for temporal blessings.

I.

FROM thee my God all blessings spring,
 To thee my life I owe;
 My lungs by thee were bid to heave,
 My feet were taught to go.

II.

Thy wool me cloaths, thy bread I eat,
 Thy streams my thirst allay :
 Each night thou spread'st a tent around,
 Kind guardian through the day.

III.

A friend, that med'cine sweet of life;
 To thee my God I owe :
 Health, credit, liberty and peace
 All from thy bounty flow.

IV.

Author of good ! I praise thy name,
 On thee I still depend :
 Give me this day my daily bread,
 All needful blessings send.

V.

If more thou giv'st, I thank thee Lord ;
 If less, still kind thou art :
 Content with this may I secure
 That sure and better part.

VI.

Next to thy right may I have claim
 To all that I call mine ;
 My honest labours prosper Lord,
 Thus give me that is thine.

VII.

All anxious cares that wound my peace,
 Lord banish from my breast ;
 The future I would leave with thee
 For thou wilt do the best.

XLIV. Common Metre.

A morning song.

I.

GOD of my life ! my morning song,
 To thee I chearful raise ;
 Thy acts of love 'tis good to sing,
 And pleasant 'tis to praise.

II.

Guardian of men ! thy wakeful eyes
 Nor sleep nor slumber know :
 Thine eyes pierce thro' the shades of night,
 Intent on all below.

III.

Sustain'd by thee, my opening eyes
 Salute the morning light ;
 Secure I stand unhurt by all
 The arrows of the night.

IV.

Had not thy friendly angels stretch'd
 Their wings around my head,
 With thousands more I might have been
 Now number'd with the dead.

V.

My life renew'd, my strength repair'd,
 To thee, my God is due :
 Teach me thy ways, and give me grace
 My duty to pursue.

From

VI.

From every evil me defend,
 But guard me most from sin;
 Direct my going out, O Lord,
 And bless my coming in.

VII.

O may thy holy fear command
 Each action, thought, and word;
 Then shall I sweetly close the day,
 Approv'd of thee my Lord.

VIII.

How happy shall I be, my God!
 If conscience will but say,
 When the account is made at night,
 "I've truly liv'd to day."

XLV. Common Metre.

An evening song.

I.

TO thee, my God, great source of good!
 My evening song is due;
 Morning and noon and every night
 Thy mercies still are new.

II.

What shall I render for thy care
 Which me this day has kept?
 A thankful heart's the least return,
 And this thou wilt accept.

III.

What sins, and follies, holy God!
 I may this day have done,
 I would confess with grief, and pray
 For pardon through thy son.

When

IV.

When sleep, death's image, fast shall seal
 My heavy eye-lids down,
 And in the world which fancy forms
 My thoughts and senses drown ;

V.

In this my weak defenceless state
 Protect me by thy arm:
 Thus shall I sweetly sleep, and wake
 Refresh'd, and free from harm.

VI.

O like thy sun when I arise
 May I unwearied run ;
 And wiser be, and better left
 By every setting sun.

VII.

Much of my precious time I've lost,
 This foolish waste forgive:
 To death brought nearer by one day
 May I make haste to live.

XLVI. Common Metre.

A second evening song.

I.

AUTHOR of life! with grateful heart
 My evening song I raise;
 But, O thy thousand thousand gifts
 Exceed my highest praise!

II.

Thy hand unseen throughout the day
 Has been my sure defence :
 And every hour has still been fill'd
 With thy beneficence.

By

III.

By thee my table has been spread,
Thy bounty I adore :
Which fills my heart with food and joy,
And makes my cup runo'er.

IV.

Whilst some poor wretches scarce can find
A shelter for their head ;
I dwell secur'd from cold and storms,
And rest upon my bed.

V.

Let guardian angels round my head
Their constant vigils keep :
Or rather, Lord, may thy own wings
Surround me whilst I sleep.

VI.

Now night has spread her sable veil
I would the day review ;
My errors nicely mark and see
What still I have to do.

VII.

Thy sun, bright servant of the world,
His daily race has run ;
But yet how little is it, Lord,
That I for thee have done ?

VIII.

Rouse all my active pow'rs, O God !
And grant thy quick'ning grace ;
Then on the morrow with thy sun
I'll run my heavenly race.

H

An

XLVII. Long Metre.

An evening reflection.

I.

THE sun is set—the day that's past
 May prove to me my very last:
 This night I may the world forsake,
 And in eternity awake.

II.

Or should kind heaven me longer spare,
 Yet death may seize ere I'm aware :
 To me may set life's dubious sun,
 Before the work of life is done.

III.

Then why should I this work delay
 Who must not boast another day?
 This moment scarce I call my own,
 For whilst I speak behold 'tis gone.

IV.

Yet on life's short, and narrow span
 Depends the bliss or woe of man:
 Tears and repentance come too late
 When death has fix'd my final state.

V.

Seize then the moments as they fly ;
 Learn well to live, and well to die :
 Long lives the man, nor dies too soon,
 Who lives 'till his great work is done.

The above Hymn may be suited to any part of the
 day by beginning with the following Stanza.

Soon will this hast'ning day be past;
 And this perhaps may prove my last :
 This night I may the world forsake,
 And in eternity awake.

XLVIII. Long Metre.

An hymn for the Lord's day morning.

I.

COME join with me to praise the Lord,
The honours of his grace record;
Within his temple chearful meet,
And humbly bow before his seat.

II.

Each busy care forsake my breast,
Welcome my soul this day of rest:
The day whereon thy Saviour rose,
And rising triumph'd o'er thy foes.

III.

The pure and upright heart, O God!
Has ever been thy choice abode:
Purge clean my heart from every sin,
Then condescend to dwell therein.

IV.

Kindle within the sacred fire,
So shall my thoughts to heaven aspire;
On wings of faith and love I'll rise
To thee who dwell'st above the skies.

V.

Enlarge my soul in all her powers,
And bless these consecrated hours;
Imprint each doctrine on my heart,
And from thy laws I'll ne'er depart.

VI.

Too weak my resolutions are,
And insufficient all my care:
To thee my hope, my strength, I fly,
For thou can'st every want supply.

XLIX. Long Metre.

A second hymn for the Lord's day morn.

I.

THE day, O God! the night is thine,
 Thro' all thy works thy glories shine:
 Sun, moon, and stars, a wond'rous frame,
 Proclaim the honours of thy name.

II.

Thy day thou uncreated light!
 Ne'er had a morn, shall see no night:
 Suns rise and set, and the pale moon,
 But thine is one eternal noon.

III.

On this blest day my heart inspire,
 And kindle there each pure desire;
 To praise thy name is sweet employ,
 Be this my work, my highest joy.

IV.

Grateful I'll raise my * morning song,
 Whilst life remains the notes prolong;
 So great thy mercies, Lord, I find
 They leave all numbers far behind.

V.

Dart down a ray of thine own light,
 And from my soul dispel the night:
 Create the intellectual day,
 To guide me on my heavenly way.

VI.

My passions under thy controul
 In clearest streams shall smoothly roll;
 To waft me to that better shore,
 Where sin and sorrow are no more. *A third*

* This hymn may be accommodated to the Lord's-day evening, by using the word EVENING instead of morning, stanza 4.

L. Common Metre.

A third hymn for the Lord's day morn.

I.

HAIL happy morn ! whose early ray
Beheld the saviour rise ;
Welcome again auspicious day,
To our rejoicing eyes.

II.

Ye humble souls with guilt oppress'd,
In Jesus see your cure :
For man's offence he died, and rose
To make your pardon sure.

III.

On this blest morn, birth-day of hope
Let not one soul be sad ;
This is the Day the Lord hath made,
And bids his saints be glad.

IV.

Come, and the wonders of the day
In notes harmonious sing :
Tell to the world the conquests gain'd
By your victorious king.

V.

O happy souls that feel the pow'r
Of his attractive love !
With him they die, with him they live,
And seek the things above.

VI.

Lord, may I feel this sacred power
And this communion know :
Not all the world calls good and great,
Can equal bliss bestow,

A fourth

I. I. Common Metre.

A fourth hymn for the Lord's day.

I.

TIS the Lord's day---awake my soul,
 Exert thy noblest powers;
 Forsake the world, nor let it's cares
 Pollute the sacred hours.

II.

How often have it's busy cares,
 Or trifles still more vain,
 Dar'd to usurp thy maker's right,
 And rob'd thee of thy gain?

III.

My folly, Lord, I here lament,
 For warmer zeal I pray:
 O fix my roving heart, no more
 From thee my God to stray.

IV.

Form thou my heart to pray aright;
 Tune thou my lips to sing:
 Bear Lord, O bear my soul to thee
 On pure devotion's wing!

V.

With ear attentive may I hear
 The truths thy laws impart:
 Lord give the understanding mind,
 And the obedient heart.

VI.

Planted within thy sacred courts,
 Deep may I strike my root;
 Whilst my wide-spreading branches yield
 The choicest heavenly fruit.

Thus

VII.

Thus shall thy name be glorified,
 And my profession shine :
 The fruits of righteousness shall speak,
 The doctrine all divine.

LII. Common Metre.

Fifth hymn on the Lord's day.

I.

VAIN world with all thy busy cares
 And glittering toys depart :
 A nobler guest demands my time,
 'Tis Jesus claims my heart.

II.

He rose, the great redeemer rose,
 And mark'd this sacred day :
 Come all ye saints, with pious haste,
 Your chearful homage pay.

III.

Sing all the wonders of his death ;
 His risen glories tell :
 His vict'ries and his triumphs sing
 O'er sin, and death, and hell.

IV.

Be glad, for 'tis the glorious day
 Design'd for holy joy :
 In prayer, in praise, in heavenly love,
 The sacred hours employ.

V.

Come ye that hunger, feast your souls
 With truths divinely pure :
 Such food gives life to dying souls,
 And shall that life secure.

Whilst

VI.

Whilst life's rich fountain overflows,
 What should your feet restrain?
 Come all ye thirsty souls and drink,
 Drink deep, and drink again.

VII.

Thou God of grace! shine on our souls,
 And our best passions move;
 Our songs shall please, whilst we resolve
 To hear, obey, and love.

LIII. Common Metre.

On the New Year.

I.

MARK how the swift-wing'd minutes fly,
 And hours still hast'ning on:
 How soon the circling months run round
 To tell the year is gone!

II.

Indulge my soul the serious thought,
 The year that's past review:
 What good, what evil hast thou done,
 What work hast thou to do?

III.

How is thy debt of love increas'd
 To that sustaining power
 Which has upheld thy feeble frame,
 And brought thee to this hour?

IV.

Millions and millions the past year
 Are lost to mortal sight;
 Sunk in death's shades, whilst thou still liv'st
 To hail the joyous light.

For

V.

For all thy favours, O my God !
 Thy goodness I adore ;
 Thou hast my cup with blessings fill'd,
 And made that cup run o'er.

VI.

Forgive thro' my redeemer's name
 The guilt that marks the year :
 And make me more than ever strive
 To keep my conscience clear.

VII.

What shall befall in future life
 I chuse not to enquire ;
 To be prepar'd for all thy will
 Is Lord my chief desire.

VIII.

Should'st thou, the Lord of life, still add
 More years unto the last,
 May each new year be better spent
 Than I have spent the past.

IX.

Or if before the new year close
 Thou should'st arrest my breath,
 May I stand every hour prepar'd
 For slow or sudden death.

LIV. Common Metre.

The seasons of the year.

I.

THE rolling year, almighty Lord !
 Obeys thy powerful nod :
 Each season as it silent moves
 Declares the present God.

I

The

II.

The varied months are full of thee,
 With thy rich bounty crown'd :
 The circling days, and fleet-wing'd hours
 Thy various praise resound.

III.

Wak'd by thy voice out steps the spring
 In living green new drest :
 On hills, in vales, thro' fields and groves
 Thy beauties stand confest.

IV.

Now joy the living tribes inspires ;
 The birds sweet musick bring :
 The bleating flocks the concert join,
 And rivers seem to sing.

V.

The sun calls forth the summer months,
 Nor do the hours delay :
 The fruits with varied colours glow
 Beneath his ripening ray.

VI.

'Tis now, almighty God ! we see
 Thy forked light'nings fly :
 Now 'tis thy voice in thunder roars,
 And shakes the lower sky.

VII.

* Thy bounty, Lord, in autumn shines,
 And spreads a common feast :
 He that regards his favourite man
 Will not neglect the beast.

VIII.

When winter rears her hoary head,
 And shews her furrow'd brow,
 In storms and tempests, frosts and snows
 How awful, Lord, art thou ! The

IX.

The rolling year, almighty Lord!

Obeys thy powerful nod:

Each season as it silent moves

Declares the present God.

LV. Common Metre.

On the spring.

I.

THE icy chains that bound the earth

Are now dissolv'd and gone :

Wak'd by the sun the blooming spring

Puts his new livery on.

II.

Where awful desolation reign'd

Blest plenty rears her head ;

Exulting with a smile to see

Her late destroyer fled.

III.

Teeming with life th' advancing sun

Protracts the falling day ;

Grand light of heaven! he seems to wish

To make a longer stay.

IV.

In clouds of gold behold him set,

Beyond the west he flies :

Short is his nightly course, and soon

He gilds the eastern skies.

V.

Behold the tuneful lark mounts up

To hail the new-born day ;

By heaven taught she swells her throat

Her earliest song to pay.

VI.

Rise stupid man, and tune thy voice
 To hail the blooming spring :
 By nature's various charms inspir'd
 Thy great creator sing.

VII.

Thro' all her beauteous scenes admire
 His wisdom and his power :
 Behold the God in every plant,
 In every opening flower,

VIII.

Yet in his word the God of grace
 Has wrote his fairer name :
 The wonders of redeeming love
 My noblest songs shall claim,

IX.

With warmest beams, thou God of grace!
 Shine on this heart of mine :
 Turn thou my winter into spring,
 And be the glory thine.

LVI. Common Metre,

An Harvest Hymn.

I.

TO praise the ever bounteous Lord,
 My soul, wake all thy powers :
 He calls, and at his voice come forth
 The smiling harvest hours.

II.

His cov'nant with the earth he keeps ;
 My tongue his goodness sing :
 Summer and winter know their time,
 His harvest crowns the spring.

Well

III.

Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
 The waving yellow crop:
 With joy they bear the sheaves away,
 And sow again in hope.

IV.

Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
 The seeds of righteousness:
 Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
 The ripening harvest bless.

V.

Then in the last great harvest I
 Shall reap a glorious crop:
 The harvest shall by far exceed
 What I have sow'd in hope.

LVII. Common Metre.

A song of praise to God.

I.

LONG as I live thy praise, my God!
 Shall my glad tongue employ:
 Praise (the best work of heaven) shall be
 On earth my highest joy.

II.

Should I be dumb thy works would join
 To mark my lasting shame:
 Heaven, earth and seas without a tongue
 Declare thy glorious name.

III.

There's not an insect wings thine air,
 Or worm beneath the clod
 But shews thy power, and skill divine;
 But speaks the present God.

Thee

IV.

Thee, will I praise, the present God,
 In whom I live and move:
 But who the thousandth part can shew
 Of all thy boundless love?

V.

Not angels, whose sublimer strains
 So far our notes excel,
 Can all thy varied wonders speak;
 Or all thy goodness tell.

VI.

Yet where the willing mind is found
 Thou wilt thine ear incline:
 A fault'ring song shall please inspir'd
 By gratitude divine.

VII.

In the bright worlds of endless day,
 Where angels sing thy praise,
 I hope, when freed from mortal chains,
 A nobler song to raise.

LVIII. Common Metre.

*The presence of God the Christian's support in
 life and death.*

I.

NOT to his heaven the God of grace
 His presence doth confine:
 He visits earth to give his saints
 A taste of joys divine.

II.

Blest souls, whom no temptations move
 To leave the sacred road:
 With them the God of heaven will dwell
 Nor quit his lov'd abode.

How

III.

How great their bliss to meet their God
 In his own house of prayer !
 Sweet glide the hours whilst they enjoy
 Their God their Saviour there.

IV.

What pleasures in the closet dwell,
 To men profane unknown !
 When most retir'd the joyful saint
 Has been the least alone.

V.

Let the dark clouds of sorrow rise,
 And thunders loud begin,
 God's presence shall dispel his fears,
 And make a calm within.

VI.

Let God be near, and joys divine
 Shall from a prison spring:
 His saints shall smile amidst their chains,
 And in a dungeon sing.

VII.

Lord, may thy presence me attend
 Whilst I have life and breath;
 Then will I smile in every storm,
 And triumph e'en in death.

LIX. Common Metre.

Praise to God for the gospel.

I.

BRITONS with thankful hearts adore
 The gracious God of heaven :
 Sing the great acts his hands have done,
 The blessings he has given.

With

II.

With pity he beheld these isles
 O'erspread with darkeſt night :
 He ſpake, and truth at once aroſe
 With beams divinely bright.

III.

The glorious goſpel of his ſon
 Lies open to our eyes :
 Here our immortal hopes are found,
 And our beſt treaſure lies.

IV.

No fields of feign'd Elyſian bliſs
 The ſacred pages know :
 No paradise where ſenſual joys
 In muddy currents flow.

V.

'Tis bliſs ſubſtantial, ever pure
 Awaits the pious dead :
 The bliſs of angels, and the joys
 Of Chriſt their glorious head.

VI.

O for an heart by heaven inspir'd
 With gratitude and love !
 My tongue the goſpel's grace ſhould ſing,
 My life it's power ſhould prove.

LX. Common Metre.

The aspiration and complaint.

I.

UP far beyond theſe lower ſkies
 My thoughts would wing their way,
 To thoſe bright worlds aſcend where reigns
 An everlaſting day.

To

II.

To thee, great source of light and life !
My soul desires to soar;
To gaze upon thy glories, Lord,
And whilst I gaze, adore.

III.

Well pleas'd I stretch my wings, and seem
To mount as angels do;
Earth lessens to my sight whilst I
Thy blest abode pursue.

IV.

But ah ! how soon I drop the wing,
Unequal to the flight :
I sink, I fall, and heaven now
Is almost out of sight.

V.

'Tis earth that weighs my spirits down,
'This heavy, senseless clod
Deprives me of my noblest joys,
And robs me of my God.

VI.

Pity my weakness, Lord, and give
Strong wings of faith and love :
On angel's pinions bear my soul
To thy blest seat above.

VII.

In thee may all my wishes fix,
My heart, my mind and soul ;
True as the faithful needle tends
To its beloved pole.

K

Seeking

LXI. Common Metre.

Seeking divine instruction. Jam. i. 5.

I.

FATHER of lights ! thou source of good !
 Best object of my love !
 Wisdom's thy gift, this heavenly ray
 Send from thy throne above.

II.

One ray of thine shall quick dispel
 The mists that cloud my sight ;
 And truth shall all her charms reveal,
 In beams of heavenly light.

III.

O teach me thy great self to know,
 And do thy holy will :
 Thy love shall cheer my drooping soul,
 And my best hopes fulfill.

IV.

The sacred truths thy word contains
 Before my eyes display :
 Those best shall know thy heavenly will,
 Who best thy laws obey.

V.

Should I in errors mazes stray,
 My wand'ring feet reclaim :
 My soul restor'd shall grateful sing,
 The honours of thy name.

LXII. Common Metre.

The favour of God is our life. Psalm xxx. 5.

I.

THE gen'ral voice of men attend,
 Who shews the good they cry ;
 Most seek, but few alas ! pursue
 A true felicity.

Let

II.

Let East and Western Indies join
 To make us rich and great,
 The sinner's poor with all his wealth,
 And mean with all his state.

III.

The restless soul of big desires,
 On earth no bliss can find :
 He that has form'd can only fill
 The vast immortal mind.

IV.

Thy favour Lord is purest life ;
 With thee the fountain is :
 The streams of joy that flow from thee,
 Make up a sea of bliss.

V.

Let others seek their rest below,
 To thee may I aspire :
 On me thy fairest image draw,
 And more I can't desire.

LXIII. Common Metre.

The best choice, or God our supreme happiness.

I.

WELL--'tis an empty dream I see
 To seek for bliss below :
 False world, to promise that which thou
 Ne'er didst, or canst bestow.

II.

By thy delusive charms ensnar'd,
 I listened to thy voice :
 But now the heavenly, perfect fair
 Commands my better choice.

III.

Be thou my portion, O my God !

And let me call thee mine :

Then thousand worlds for thy great self,

I could with joy resign.

IV.

In thee, thou greatest ! first and best !

Perfections boundless meet :

Thou all-sufficient good must be

A portion most compleat !

V.

Thou art my sun, and thou my shield ;

No good wilt thou deny :

The men of upright heart shall find

In thee a full supply.

VI.

Whate'er I lose, which earth calls good,

I would not dare repine :

Enough I have ; I'm rich, I'm full,

Whilst thou, O Lord, art mine.

LXIV. Common Metre.

On the same.

I.

LET the unthinking many cry

Blest are the rich and great ;

Who swim in wealth, and gayly shine

In all the pomp of state.

II.

O empty dream ! to call that bliss

Which is a gi ded toy :

O blind and stupid souls ! who seek

And find no higher joy.

Be

III.

Be thou my portion, Lord, and I
 At once am rich and great :
 More blest than if the earth was mine.
 And I sole potentate.

IV.

'Tis empire, Lord, to rule for thee,
 And by thy grace controul
 Those foes that threaten to destroy
 My never-dying soul.

V.

Such vict'ries shall to triumphs lead,
 Sweet inward peace bestow ;
 Thy peace, O God ! which men on earth
 Can never fully know.

VI.

Grant me the blifs, thou sov'reign good !
 To say that thou art mine :
 The rich shall boast their pomp and power,
 And I'll not once repine.

VII.

How mean their joys compar'd with those
 That from thy presence flow !
 Thy smiles give heav'n its noblest joys,
 And make a heaven below.

LXV. Long Metre.

Divine providence. Matt. vi. 26. and Matt.
 x. 29, 30.

I.

HOW richly Lord, dost thou dispense
 The bounties of thy providence !
 O'er all thy works thy mercies are,
 Nor is the least beneath thy care.

To

II.

To man thou art supremely good,
Thou giv'st the labouring beast his food ;
And birds of every diff'rent wing
Fed by thy hand rejoice and sing.

III.

Without thy will, great Lord of all !
A chirping sparrow shall not fall ;
Our very hairs, or few or more,
By thee are known and number'd o'er.

IV.

Thy hands in richest dress array
The verdant herb, the lillies gay ;
Lillies whose native beauties far
Outshine the robes which monarchs wear.

V.

Can then thy providence forget
To clothe thy saints, to give them meat ?
Thy hand which feeds the raven's brood,
Will give thy saints the needful good.

VI.

If riches, Lord, thou should'st deny,
My soul with better things supply :
I must be rich if I possess
Thy kingdom with its righteousness.

VII.

This glorious kingdom to enjoy,
Be it my first, my chief employ :
The rest, O Lord, I leave with thee
Who know'st what's good, what's best for me.

God

LXVI. Long Metre.

God the preserver of men. Job vii. 20.

I.

U PHELD my God, by thine own hand,
Of grace the monument I stand :
To thee unceasing thanks I owe,
From whom my blessings constant flow.

II.

Why did not the uncertain womb
Which gave me life, provide my tomb ?
With thousands more I might have fled,
Born in the number of the dead.

III.

Why in the frequent dubious strife
'Twixt threat'ning death and new-born life,
Did I, weak babe, the shock sustain,
And stand where millions have been slain.

IV.

'Tis thou, O Lord, didst keep my breath,
And make me conqu'ror over death :
To thee the triumph I resign,
And all the glory, Lord, be thine.

V.

Guardian of men ! thy gracious name
My child-hood and my youth proclaim :
'Midst death's thick-flying darts, thy power
Has brought me safe unto this hour.

VI.

When fore temptations have beset,
And hellish foes have spread their net,
Protected by thy friendly care
I have escap'd the dang'rous snare.

O may

VII.

O may thy goodness me inspire
 To do whate'er thou shalt require :
 Then in new troubles I will flee,
 And find my refuge, Lord, in thee.

LXVII. Common Metre.

Our times in the hands of God. Pf. xxxi. 15.

I.

MY God, my times are in thy hands,
 And thine are all my ways ;
 'Tis thine t' increase, or to cut short
 The number of my days.

II.

The place, the bounds of my abode
 Are nicely mark'd by thee ;
 Thou bid'st me breathe on British ground
 The air of Liberty.

III.

If prosperous suns without a cloud
 On me successive shine,
 Cheer'd by thy warmth my grateful heart,
 Shall praise the grace divine.

IV.

But should dark clouds o'ercast my skies,
 And mighty thunders roar,
 Calm'd by thy grace, my tongue shall learn
 The thund'rer to adore.

V.

Why should I dread frail man, since thou
 Art far my foes above ?
 With ease thou canst restrain their rage,
 Or melt their hearts to love.

To

VI.

To thee through all the scenes of life,
 I would myself resign :
 May I but live to thee my God,
 Then dying I am thine.

LXVIII. Long Metre.

Imploring God's gracious condescension.

I.

GREAT God ! thou first and best of all,
 Before whose throne bright seraphs fall :
 Ten thousand angels round thee stand,
 Prepar'd to fly at thy command.

II.

On thee ten thousand thousand wait,
 In all the pomp of heavenly state :
 And myriads more rejoice to join
 In work and worship all divine.

III.

From heaven thy most exalted throne,
 Great God ! to earth look gracious down ;
 Mercy becomes thy matchless state,
 And goodness makes thee still more great.

IV.

Yes, O my God ! thy boundless grace
 Extends to Adam's sinful race ;
 Thou never didst, or wilt despise
 A contrite heart for sacrifice.

V.

No temple didst thou e'er behold
 Adorn'd with all the pomp of gold
 That could afford thee such delight
 As temples form'd of hearts contrite.

VI.

Here wilt thou dwell, and here wilt shine
 With beams of glory all-divine :
 Darkneſs and night ſhall flee away,
 And all within be perfect day.

LXIX. Common Metre.

God is love. 1 John 4. 8.

I.

HAD I the tongues which angels uſe
 In the bleſt worlds above ;
 Then would I tell thy glories, Lord,
 And ſing thy name of love.

II.

Yes, O my God! thy name is love;
 My ſoul dwells on the ſound:
 In this ſweet word my hopes, my joys,
 My life, my all are bound.

III.

Thou ſource of love ! thy pureſt beams
 Kindle th' angelic flame:
 Angels by thee were taught to love,
 And ſing thy glorious name.

IV.

Thy wondrous acts of love to men
 With pleaſure I would trace :
 But moſt admire that love of thine
 Which ſhines in Jeſus' face.

V.

O may thy boundleſs love, my God !
 Excite the holy fire:
 To thee with my whole mind and ſtrength
 By love would I aſpire.

Pattern

VI.

Pattern of love, compleatly fair!

Thy image draw on me:

Teach me to love what thou approv'st,

And make me love like thee.

VII.

The new commandment of thy son

Deep write upon my heart;

So from the charming paths of love

My feet shall ne'er depart.

VIII.

Purg'd clean from all those baser lusts

Which damp celestial love,

My happy soul shall fitted be

To dwell with thee above.

LXX. Long Metre.

Self-dedication, and doing all to the glory of God.

Pfal. cxvi. 16. 1 Cor. x. 31.

I.

MY God! I own thy right divine
To me, and all that I call mine:

Redeem'd to thee by thy dear son

No longer must I be my own.

II.

To thee I consecrate my soul;

It's powers resign to thy controul:

To thee my body I devote,

For this thy son hath dearly bought.

III.

My health, my time, my substance too,

And all my talents are thy due;

My debt of love I ne'er can pay,

But love shall teach me to obey.

IV.

From thee new mercies constant flow,
 To thee new debts of love I owe :
 O touch within each grateful spring,
 And my glad tongue thy praise shall sing.

V.

Thy glory I would keep in view
 In all I say, in all I do :
 Amidst thy bounties round me shed
 My table shall thine honours spread.

VI.

I view thy heavens, a wond'rous frame!
 Where sun-beams paint thy glorious name :
 Teach me, O God! my course to run,
 And spread thy glories like thy sun.

VII.

In virtue drest my soul shall shine
 With beauties time shall but refine;
 The world shall see and shall admire,
 While saints shall catch the glowing fire.

LXXI. Common Metre.

On the fear of God. Prov. xiv. 26.

I.

HAPPY beyond description he
 Who fears the Lord his God ;
 Who hears his threats with holy awe,
 And trembles at his rod.

II.

Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
 With it's fair partner love;
 Blending their beauties both proclaim
 Their source is from above.

Let

III.

Let terrors fright th' unwilling slave,
 The child with joy appears;
 Cheerful he does his father's will,
 And loves as much as fears.

IV.

Let but thy fear, most holy God!
 Possess this soul of mine,
 Then shall I worship thee aright,
 And taste thy joys divine.

V.

May this blest passion ever rule
 Whate'er I say or do:
 Since every word, and deed, and thought
 Lie open to thy view.

VI.

When I have learnt thy name to fear,
 All terrors I'll defy:
 Let tyrants rage, and devils roar
 My refuge is on high.

LXXII. Common Metre.

Love to God. Mat. xxii. 37.

I.

OF all the passions of the mind
 Love bears the highest sway;
 From earthly objects well refin'd,
 A pure celestial ray.

II.

But, Lord, the wonders of thy love
 Exceed angelic songs;
 Our feeble strains just serve to prove
 The fault'ring of our tongues.

Yet

III.

Yet tho' nor heart, nor tongue can tell
 The greatness of thy love,
 Our hearts again with love would swell,
 Then rise to thee above.

IV.

It is thy first, thy great command
 Supremely thee to love;
 It's force my reason can't withstand,
 May grace each passion move.

V.

With chearful feet teach me to run
 In the delightful road
 Of all thy precepts 'till I've done
 With earth as my abode.

VI.

Then, gracious God! whose name is love,
 Blow up the sacred fire;
 To endless ages it improve,
 And more I won't desire.

LXXIII. Common Metre.

Trust in God. Psal. cxviii. 8.

I.

OUR earthly friendships what are they
 Compar'd with the divine?
 The best we boast have their alloy,
 And others oft decline.

II.

To trust in man, alas, how vain!
 We lean upon a reed:
 Pleasure we seek, but meet with pain,
 And wounds that inward bleed.

Trust

III.

Trust in the Lord, ye faints, nor fear
 What feeble flesh can do:
 He is a rock that never fails,
 And all his ways are true.

IV.

He loves his faints, he knows their way,
 And bottles up their tears:
 Trust in his precious promises,
 And banish all your fears.

V.

Thro' life's perplex'd, and darkest scenes
 His counsel shall you guide;
 Whilst his unerring wisdom leads
 How can your foot-steps slide?

VI.

Almighty power is your support,
 And truth that cannot fail;
 A God all goodness your resort,
 Then why should fears prevail?

LXXIV. Long Metre.

The ways of providence inscrutable. Ps. xcvi. 2.

I.

LORD, 'tis beyond the pow'rs of sense
 To sound the depths of providence;
 Born but of yesterday shall man
 Presume the ways of heaven to scan?

II.

Not to thy angels round thy throne
 Thy secret will is fully known:
 Thy ways, well pleas'd, they still explore
 And wish and strive to know them more.

Can

III.

Can then our feeble reason found [drown'd?
 Those depths where angels thoughts are
 Shall our presuming pride define
 The things beyond an angel's line?

IV.

Shall man of providence complain,
 Or teach his maker how to reign?
 Shall he usurp th' imperial rod?
 And at his bar arraign his God?

V.

My God, my king I will adore
 Those depths I cannot now explore:
 Let clouds obstruct my feeble sight,
 I know that all thy ways are right.

VI.

Patient I'll wait for that blest day
 When I shall drop this house of clay;
 And see, and sing as angels do
 Thy ways all holy, just and true.

LXXV. Common Metre.

Anxiety check'd and reprov'd. Mat. vi. 34.

I.

YE anxious cares forsake my breast
 And vex my soul no more;
 Ye do but multiply my griefs,
 And aggravate each fore.

II.

Why should my gloomy thoughts presage
 Of woes a numerous train?
 Why long before God gives the blow
 Should I endure the pain.

Why

III.

Why self-tormentor should I dread
 The woes I ne'er may see?
 And foolish lash myself with rods
 Heaven ne'er design'd for me.

IV.

Sorrows thick-sown spring up apace,
 Nor need our anxious fears;
 Why sow we then such pois'nous weeds,
 And water them with tears?

V.

It is enough if well we bear
 Our heavenly father's rod:
 Improve the stroke his love inflicts,
 And justify our God.

VI.

Sufficient for each circling day
 Its sorrows will be found:
 Kind heaven the future hides lest we
 Should give ourselves a wound.

LXXVI. Long Metre.

Jesus the promised Messiah. Gen. xlix. 10.

Dan. ix. 26. Hag. ii. 9.

I.

GLORY to God who reigns above,
 Whodwells in light, whose name is love;
 Ye saints and angels, if ye can,
 Declare the love of God to man.

II.

O what can more his love commend
 His dear, his only son to send!
 That man, condemn'd to die, might live,
 And God be glorious to forgive.

M

Messiah's

III.

Messiah's come—with joy behold
 The days by prophets long foretold:
 Judah thy royal sceptre's broke,
 And time still proves what Jacob spoke.

IV.

Daniel, thy weeks are all expir'd,
 The time prophetic seals requir'd;
 Cut off for sins, but not his own,
 Thy prince Messiah did atone.

V.

Thy famous temple, Solomon,
 Is by the latter far out-shone:
 It wanted not thy glitt'ring store,
 Messiah's presence grac'd it more.

VI.

We see the prophecies fulfill'd
 In Jesus that most wond'rous child:
 His birth, his life, his death combine
 To prove his character divine.

VII.

Jesus, thy gospel firmly stands
 A blessing to these favour'd lands:
 No infidel shall be our dread
 Since thou art risen from the dead.

LXXVII. Common Metre.

*The characters of the Messiah. Isa. ix. 6. 7.
 A second bymn on the nativity.*

I.

BLEST news! to us a child is born;
 To us a son is given:
 Emmanuel he, the God with us,
 The choicest gift of heaven.

With

II.

With transport view this wond'rous child,
 Of purest virgin born:
 In your best songs the titles sing
 Which his great name adorn.

III.

The brightest rays of heavenly truth
 From him reflected shine:
 The father's wisdom dwells in him,
 Our counsellor divine.

IV.

To universal empire born,
 The charge he well sustains:
 Nations rejoice, the mighty Lord,
 Your king Messiah reigns.

V.

With growing honours he shall sit
 On David's antient throne:
 There shall he ever reign, and thence
 Shall make his justice known.

VI.

Lord of the future glorious age
 By heaven's unchang'd decree:
 Gentiles and Jews shall own his sway,
 And angels bow the knee.

VII.

Blest news! to us a child is born;
 The prince of peace is given:
 He brings down heavenly peace to earth,
 And makes our peace with heaven.

LXXVIII.

A third hymn on the nativity. Luke ii. 11.

13. 14. As the 148th Psalm.

I.

YE sons of Adam join
 Throughout the spacious earth,
 In chearful songs to hail
 The great redeemer's birth:
 Let all your hearts
 In concert move;
 And every tongue
 Be tun'd by love.

II.

The lofty heav'ns he bow'd,
 To earth the Saviour came;
 With joy th' angelic hosts
 His royal birth proclaim:
 For you, O men,
 Is born, they sing,
 A mighty Saviour,
 And a king.

III.

'Twas men he came to save,
 And mortal flesh he wore;
 Ye men with angels sing,
 And in their strains adore:
 Let your glad hearts,
 And tongues combine
 To praise the love,
 The grace divine.

IV.

Glory to God on high!
 For great Emmanuel's birth

Declares

Declares to men good will,
 And brings down peace to earth:
 Thus angels sang;
 And we'll repeat
 Their strains still new,
 And ever sweet.

V.

Abr'am the patriarch led
 By faith's unerring ray,
 Abr'am the friend of God
 Beheld this glorious day:
 Distant his view,
 But yet so bright
 He died o'erjoy'd
 At this blest sight:

VI.

We see the antient types,
 The prophecies fulfill'd:
 With Eastern sages we
 Adore this wond'rous child:
 God's only son,
 Who came to bless
 The earth with peace
 And righteousness.

VII.

Glory to God on high!
 For great Emmanuel's birth
 Declares to men good-will,
 And brings down peace to earth:
 Thus angels sang,
 And we repeat
 Their songs still new
 And ever sweet.

A fourth

LXXIX. Short Metre.

A fourth hymn on the nativity.

I.

THE prince of peace is come,
 Ye nations shout and sing;
 Let men and angels join their songs,
 To hail this glorious king.

II.

He takes the servant's form;
 He lays his glory by;
 His heavenly father's bosom leaves,
 And throne of majesty.

III.

Light of the world he comes,
 The blind receive their sight:
 The mind now feels his glad'ning ray,
 And all within is light.

IV.

Physician blest he came,
 And well employs his art:
 With ease he makes the bruised whole,
 And heals the broken heart.

V.

His tears, his sighs and pains
 Ease to the wounded give:
 The kind physician dies to make
 The dying patients live.

VI.

The great redeemer comes,
 And sounds a jubilee:
 He bursts the prison-doors, and bids
 The captive souls go free.

VII.

Evangelist divine

He makes the gospel known :
The poor the joyful tidings hear,
And their great prophet own.

VIII.

Whilst gracious God I hear

Thy gospel's joyful sound,
May my glad heart, my tongue, my life,
Be all obedience found.

LXXX. Long Metre.

A fifth hymn on the nativity. Gal. iv. 4, 5.

I.

O Happy time ! auspicious morn !
When the blest prince of peace was
born :

Angels in raptures hail'd his birth,
Who brought down peace from heaven to
earth.

II.

'Twas when th' appointed years were run,
The God of grace sent forth his son :
In mortal dress this prince of light
Conceals a form divinely bright.

III.

Heaven's equal laws by us defy'd
Jesus obey'd and patient died :
Our curse he bears upon the tree,
And by his death makes captives free.

IV.

The faint's full bliss who can relate ?
His honours how divinely great

Through

Through Christ a son, a royal heir ;
What angel can the bliss declare?

V.

Ye men with joyful angels sing,
For unto you was born this king ;
In heavenly raptures hail his birth
Who brought down peace from heaven to
earth.

LXXXI. Common Metre.

A sixth hymn on the nativity.

I.

THE time by heaven foretold is come,
The year of Jubilee ;
The day which kings, and saints so long
So much desir'd to see.

II.

He's come ; the mighty saviour's come ;
Hear and rejoice thou earth :
Let every tongue, the globe around,
Hail the redeemer's birth.

III.

Glory to God on high be given,
For peace to earth is brought !
Good will to wretched, dying men
Surpassing human thought.

IV.

See where the royal infant lies,
In no rich bed of state ;
A stable and a manger hold
This mighty potentate.

V.

There 'twas the wond'ring shepherds found,
Their saviour and their king :

There

There too let us behold him laid,
And whilst we wonder sing.

VI.

The father's matchless love we praise,
We sing the saviour's grace :
In mortal flesh array'd the son,
Assumes the servant's place.

VII.

Not tongues of men, nor angels songs
Can his abasement tell :
He dies upon th' accursed tree
To save our souls from hell.

VIII.

O how shall I such love requite !
My words are all too weak :
Lord may each action of my life
Thy lasting honours speak.

IX.

Glory to God on high be given !
For peace to earth is brought
Good-will to wretched dying men
Surpassing human thought.

LXXXII. Short Metre.

On the name JESUS. Mat. i. 21. Phil. ii.
9, 10, 11.

I.

JESUS,---delightful name !
Salvation's in the sound :
Search the wide world a sweeter word
In nature can't be found.

II.

Behold an angel gives
The holy babe the name :

N

Behold

Behold the heavenly choir unite
To sing his lasting fame.

III.

Jesus, the king of grace
An empire wide, shall have :
From sin, the worst of foes to man,
His people he shall save.

IV.

O'er Jacob he shall reign ;
Gentiles the knee shall bend ;
His crown shall flourish on his head,
His kingdom never end:

V.

Ye creatures all that dwell
On earth, in air and sea,
Th' exalted name of Jesus praise,
And chearful bow the knee.

VI.

Jesus, thy name we praise,
And thy redemption sing,
From all our sins our souls redeem,
And thy salvation bring.

VII.

When at thy father's throne,
For needful grace we pray ;
Thy all-prevailing name we'll plead,
And send our fears away.

VIII.

Whilst on thy precious blood
For pardon we rely,
Sway'd by thy richest grace we will
All worldly lusts deny.

LXXXIII. Short Metre.

*Christ the light of the world, ushered in by
John his fore-runner.*

I.

LONG had the nations sat
O'erwhelm'd in shades of night ;
Thick shades which scarce admission gave,
To one faint gleam of light.

II.

Behold the morning star,
Now ushers in the day !
John, was that burning shining light,
Sent to prepare the way.

III.

Behold a greater light,
The sun itself arise !
Jesus, bright sun of righteousness,
Salutes our wondering eyes.

IV.

Light of the world ! his beams
Dispel the doleful night :
He from our eye-lids clears the film,
And pours in heavenly light.

V.

Jesus ! thou light of men !
Thy doctrine life imparts :
O may we feel it's quick'ning power,
To warm, and glad our hearts.

VI.

Chear'd by thy beams our souls,
Shall run the heavenly way ;
The paths which thou hast mark'd, and trod
Shall lead to endless day.

LXXXIV. Long Metre.

Christ's kingdom not of this world. John xviii. 36.

I.

BY heaven inspir'd the prophets sing,
 The future glories of their king :
 "Wide shall Messiah's sway extend,
 "And his dominion have no end."

II.

The sun metes out th' appointed years,
 The humble king on earth appears :
 No royal pomp his birth adorns,
 His life is grief, his crown is thorns.

III.

I scorn, he cries, all worldly bliss ;
 Not of this world my kingdom is ;
 Mine, is a kingdom from above,
 That rules the world by laws of love,

IV.

The men who cruel laws impose,
 And plead my name, I judge my foes :
 My gospel mild was ne'er design'd
 To chain the body or the mind.

V.

Humble, and meek my subjects are ;
 For them a kingdom I prepare :
 Advanc'd most high my friends shall be,
 Who most on earth resemble me.

VI.

Blest Jesus ! meek but mighty king !
 Assist my tongue thy praise to sing :
 From every lust my soul set free,
 That I may live and reign with thee,

LXXXV. Short Metre.

The humiliation of Christ the means of our exaltation: 2 Cor. viii. 9.

I.

BEHOLD the wond'rous sight !
The son of God appears ;
The heir of all is first the babe,
And then the man of tears.

II.

Why did he lay aside
His robes of dazzling light ?
And why conceal from mortal view,
A form divinely bright ?

III.

O'twas his zeal for God,
To man stupendous grace,
Which brought him from his father's throne,
To take the servant's place.

IV.

Let Jews mistake their king,
And treat the son with scorn :
We'll praise the king the prophets sung,
The king to sorrows born.

V.

O glorious poverty
Which makes poor mortals rich !
O noble cross that raises slaves,
To honour's highest pitch !

VI.

Blest Jesus, when I think
How forely thou wast tried,
What can be hard to do, or bear
For thee my suffering guide ?

LXXXVI. Common Metre.

Salvation by grace. Eph. ii. 5.

I.

MY soul, my grateful powers awake,
 And man's salvation sing :
 The mighty blessing backward trace
 To it's still greater spring.

II.

Grace is the source from whence it flows
 In it's ten thousand streams :
 Almighty grace, from hell's dark chains,
 The rebel man redeems.

III.

In every sacred page behold
 Sweet characters of grace :
 Fairest of all the grace divine,
 Shines forth in Jesu's face.

IV.

From first to last grace rich and free
 Reigns thro' the wond'rous plan :
 To grace divine all honour be
 Which rescued ruin'd man.

V.

God of all grace ! incline my heart
 To keep thy holy ways ;
 Obedience be my work below,
 And all above be praise.

The

The humble majesty of the prince of peace.

Mat. xii. 18, 19, 20, 21.

I.

BEHOLD the prince of peace,
The chosen of the Lord :
God's best beloved son fulfills
The sure prophetic word.

II.

No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteousness ;
Meekness and patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

III.

The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

IV.

The noisy breath of fame
His modest ears decline ;
Goodness in humble silence shews
His character divine.

V.

His arm shall never break
The weak and bruised reed ;
He will support it's feeble frame
In every time of need.

VI.

The tender Jesus spies
The pure, tho' weak desire ;
The smould'ring flax he will not quench,
But fan the holy fire.

Truth

VII.

Truth shall support his throne
 And make it's glorious way :
 The Gentile world shall trust his grace,
 And chearful homage pay.

LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

The miracles of Christ. Mat. xi. 5.

I.

NO rod of vengeance Jesus takes
 Like that which Moses bore;
 His peaceful sceptre shews he came
 To save and to restore.

II.

Laden with woes the sons of men
 To this physician fly:
 He lends an ear to their complaints,
 And looks with pitying eye.

III.

The powerful word he speaks, and lo!
 The eyes long clos'd in night
 Lift up their lids, with sweet surprise,
 To hail the joyous light.

IV.

New life the wither'd cripple feels
 Diffus'd through every part:
 His couch, and crutch he now forgets,
 And leaps like any hart.

V.

A word the deaf restores, the dumb
 With ease their tongues employ ;
 Amaz'd, and pleas'd at their own voice,
 They sing and shout for joy.

Behold

VI.

Behold at once the lepers cleans'd,
 Touch'd by the Saviour's hand :
 Palsy, and fever, and each plague
 Depart at his command.

VII.

The winds and waves, 'midst all their rage,
 His powerful voice obey :
 Devils his awful presence flee,
 Nor dare they longer stay.

VIII.

Repeat, my soul, these wond'rous acts,
 And all his honours spread :
 Tell how his voice unbarr'd the tomb,
 And wak'd the silent dead.

IX.

Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord,
 How bright thy glories shine !
 Thy works all praise exceed, and speak
 Thy character divine.

LXXXIX. Common Metre.

The transfiguration of Christ. Mat. xvii. 1.
 —6. Luke ix. 28. 36. *Part first.*

I.

ASCEND, my soul, with willing steps
 To Tabor's utmost height ;
 This sacred mount, by faith survey'd,
 Affords no common sight.

II.

Leaving the world, thy Saviour see
 Climb up the steep ascent ;
 Devotion fires his holy soul,
 On heaven he's fully bent.

O

Peter

III.

Peter he takes, with James and John,
 Blest favourites of their Lord;
 They follow their unerring guide,
 Obedient to his word.

IV.

When lo ! the Son of God assumes
 A form divinely fair:
 Celestial splendor him furrounds
 Whilst he's engag'd in prayer:

V.

Bright as the sun his face appears;
 As snow, his raiment white:
 The father's image stands confest
 In robes of purest light.

VI.

Behold with what a grace he stands
 Two shining saints between:
 Elijah in his chariot comes
 To grace the solemn scene.

VII.

Moses, who shone with borrow'd rays
 On Sinai's holy hill;
 In brighter glories now appears
 His message to fulfill.

VIII.

Inspir'd by heaven the lovely saints
 The solemn silence break;
 Sweet accents from their lips distill
 As saints are us'd to speak.

IX.

Messiah's death employs their tongues,
 Important theme to them:
 His exit they foretell, and name
 The place, Jerusalem,

My

X.

My God, dart down a ray of light,
 And bring such glories near:
 Transform'd by truth divine, my soul
 All glorious shall appear.

XC. Common Metre.

The transfiguration. Second part.

I.

PURSU^E, my soul, the wond'rous theme,
 Thy Lord transfigur'd sing:
 Mild as the Saviour see his form,
 Majestic as the king.

II.

But ah! how frail the best of men,
 How few their vigils keep?
 Amidst these glorious scenes behold
 Disciples fall asleep.

III.

Peter, thy weakness we must blame,
 Thy zeal deserves our praise; [dwell
 Strange thought! that blessed saints should
 In tents that thou shouldst raise.

IV.

Fond of this meaner life on earth
 We act thy weaker part:
 Our prosp'rous suns, and cloudless skies
 Charm the unwary heart.

V.

We stretch our hands to seize the prize
 Seen by false fancy's light:
 But soon some cloud our prospect veils,
 And hides it from our sight.

VI.

What tho' on earth we find no rest,
 Nor joys that are sincere;
 To heaven translated we may sing,
 " 'Tis good, Lord, to be here."

XCI. Common Metre.

The transfiguration. Third part.

I.

TABOR, thy wonders still we view,
 The closing scene we sing;
 Chearful the honours we repeat
 Of our illustrious king.

II.

Hark! from the glory which excell'd
 The father's voice is heard;
 This is my son, my son belov'd,
 And be my son rever'd.

III.

Moses to highest honours rais'd
 A servant was at best:
 Christ as the only son presides
 In brightest glories drest.

IV.

To God's first-born th' angelick host
 Their willing homage pay:
 Honour to him that's on the throne,
 And to the lamb they say.

V.

Jesus, thy glories we admire,
 We join th' angelick throng:
 Tune thou our hearts, and then our tongues
 Shall sing an angel's song.

Christ

XCII. Common Metre.

Christ washing his disciples feet. John 13.

I.

WHAT wonder's this? ye saints behold
 Your Saviour rise from meat;
 In servile garb the master stands
 To wash the servants feet.

II.

The limpid stream with care he pours
 Into a laver clean,
 Wash'd by his hands the servants muse
 What this strange thing should mean.

III.

Wash me, blest Jesus, in thy blood,
 And make me clean within;
 Thy blood the sov'reign virtue has
 To cleanse from every sin.

IV.

Great pattern of humility!
 Teach me to condescend,
 And by each office shew myself
 To thee, to thine a friend.

V.

Let vain and stupid mortals boast
 Their wealth, or noble blood;
 Teach me the humble are the great
 And greatest those most good.

VI.

Lord, may thy spirit cleanse my soul
 From envy, wrath and pride;
 And may a love inflam'd by thine
 My other passions guide.

The

XCIII. Long Metre.

The centurion's faith commended. Mat. viii. 10.

I.

MY Saviour's works ail-glorious shine,
 Nor time, nor place his power confine,
 'Tis but for him to speak the word,
 And nature shall obey her Lord.

II.

That Roman was supremely blest
 Who thus believ'd, and thus confess'd:
 A soldier with such faith endued
 Jesus himself with wonder view'd.

III.

From Abr'ams seed, the tribes elect,
 An equal faith he might expect;
 But faith of such exalted kind
 Not in his Israel could he find.

IV.

Boast not, ye Jews, great Abr'am's name,
 Faith can support a nobler claim;
 Gentiles through faith are Abra'm's seed,
 His better sons, his heirs indeed.

V.

From distant parts they shall resort,
 And hear the gospel's glad report;
 From north, from south, from east & west
 New guests shall grace the gospel feast.

VI.

Ye faints, in the distressing hour,
 Trust in your Saviour's grace and power;
 Great as his power, so great his love,
 Beyond all words, all thoughts above.

Christ

XCIV. Common Metre.

Christ came not to destroy but to fulfill the law.
 Mat. v. 17.

I.

“**N**OR law, nor prophets to destroy
 “Into the world I came.”
 So spake the Saviour, and defends
 His highly injur'd name.

II.

Jesus, in thee we see fulfill'd
 Th' inspir'd prophetic lines :
 The law by thee accomplish'd now
 With double lustre shines.

III.

The Jewish altar, and its fire ;
 The ark, the mercy seat ;
 The incense, and the glory too
 In thee we see compleat.

IV.

Let Aaron's sons their order boast,
 Thy priest-hood far transcends :
 Higher thy order, and thy call,
 Thy priest-hood never ends.

V.

No blood of bullocks, or of lambs
 On Jewish altars spilt,
 Could for the soul a ransom pay,
 And expiate our guilt.

VI.

Thy single sacrifice, my Lord,
 Has full atonement made:
 Retire, ye empty shadows then,
 No more we want your aid.

VII.

The better law of righteousness
 Our Jesus has refin'd:
 Lord, may our hearts to keep this law
 For ever be inclin'd.

XCV. Common Metre.

Christ's agony in the garden. Luke xxii. 44.

I.

HARK! from the garden comes a sound,
 I hear no common cry;
 Jesus lies prostrate on the ground,
 His soul in agony.

II.

Behold the tears run trickling down,
 He sweats at every pore;
 Down fall the drops as tho' his veins
 Pour'd out their crimson store.

III.

Those must be mighty woes indeed
 Which near suppress his breath:
 "My soul is pain'd, sore pain'd, he cries,
 "I'm sorrowful to death."

IV.

Anxious I ask whence this distress,
 Gave guilt the inward smart?
 Or did his zeal forsake him now
 To act the Saviour's part?

V.

No—'twas the cup the father gave
 Into his hands to drink:
 This bow'd his body to the dust,
 His soul did lower sink.

— Father

VI.

Father remove, he earnest cries
 If possible this cup :
 If not---thy will, not mine be done,
 I chearful drink it up.

VII.

To this blest pattern, form me Lord,
 In temper truly one :
 Then will I take the cup and say,
 Father thy will be done.

XCVI. Common Metre.

The good shepherd. John x. 11.

I.

JESUS my condescending Lord,
 Fulfills the shepherd's name :
 He guides the sheep, supports the lambs
 Of weak and tender frame.

II.

To pastures fresh he leads his flock,
 The living streams beside ;
 Where truth with purest current flows,
 And sweetest pleasures glide.

III.

Before his sheep the shepherd goes,
 His voice the sheep obey :
 A stranger's voice they will not hear
 But turn their feet away.

IV.

When straying from his sacred fold,
 The sheep their errors mourn ;
 He will forgive, for well he's pleas'd
 When wandering sheep return.

V.

My heavenly shepherd's wond'rous love
 In mem'ry I will keep :
 The best of shepherds gives his life,
 To save the dying sheep.

VI.

His sheep he knows, his faithful flock
 He guards from dire alarms ;
 Not men, nor devils shall them pluck,
 From his embracing arms.

VII.

Eternal life, and joys compleat,
 Unto the sheep he gives :
 And to secure the promis'd blifs,
 The shepherd ever lives.

XCVII. Common Metre.

The poverty and contentment of Christ. Luke
 ix. 58.

I.

SURPRIZ'D I view my saviour's life,
 How far beneath a throne ?
 The king of kings has not a house
 Which he could name his own.

II.

Whilst little birds enjoy'd their nests,
 And foxes found their bed ;
 The son of man no place could find
 Where he might rest his head.

III.

Poor were his friends, yet their small stock,
 His daily wants supply :
 The glorious heir of all behold,
 Subsists on charity.

Yet

IV.

Yet not one murmur or complaint
 His sacred lips disgrac'd :
 He well had learnt the arduous task,
 The art to be abas'd.

V.

From thee, blest Jesus, would I learn,
 This art in full extent ;
 " In whatsoever state I am,
 " Therewith to be content."

VI.

Content, O art divine! that shews
 To wealth the shortest road ;
 Brings down heaven's bliss into the soul,
 And wafts the soul to God.

XCVIII. Common Metre.

The love of Christ passeth knowledge. Ephes.
 iii. 19,

I.

ADORE ye saints, the king of love,
 The king of sufferings too :
 What can exceed his griefs unless
 His greater love to you ?

II.

His love---O who its heights can reach !
 It's depths what line explore ?
 This is that wond'rous sea which knows
 No bottom, nor a shore.

III.

To know this entertaining theme,
 The sons of light aspire ;
 Yet angels can but know a part,
 And angels still enquire.

IV.

To save rebellious dying men,
Repair their woeful loss;
The son of God to earth descends,
And suffers on a cross.

V.

He freely sheds his precious blood,
To wash away our stains:
The balm he gives to heal our wounds
Flows from his pierced veins.

VI.

To celebrate the saviour's love,
Ye angels tune your lyres:
A love which knowledge far exceeds,
Your highest strains requires.

VII.

Ye saints the choir of angels join,
In songs of chearful praise:
And let your lives more loudly still
His highest honours raise.

XCIX. Common Metre.

The man of sorrows. Isa. liii. 3.

I.

YE saints the man of sorrows view,
Behold the suffering king;
Let love and pity melt your hearts,
Whilst ye the sufferer sing.

II.

Scarce had the sweet, and heavenly babe,
Enter'd this vale of tears,
But jealous Herod marks him out,
A victim to his fears.

What

III.

What though the harmless babe escap'd
A cruel tyrant's hands;
Grief soon assails, and binds him fast
In new and painful bands.

IV.

Purer than light his virtues shone,
But these can't guard his name,
With pois'nous breath, his spiteful foes
The holy one defame.

V.

By foes blasphem'd, left by his friends,
Amidst his greatest woes;
Denied by one, by one betray'd,
To his most cruel foes.

VI.

But who can tell the inwar pangs
He in the garden bore;
When the huge drops of sweat flow'd down
Like streams of crimson gore?

VII.

Lo! from his son in awful clouds
The father hides his face:
With this compar'd, his cross was light,
And trifling its disgrace.

VIII.

Jesus, how great must be thy love
To suffer thus for me;
To die for Adam's guilty sons
Upon th' accursed tree?

IX.

O may that precious blood of thine,
By thee so freely spilt,
Atone for all my heinous crimes,
And cleanse me from my guilt.

Con-

X.

Constrain'd, my Saviour, by thy love
 My lusts I'll crucify :
 Strengthen the purpose, Lord, and then
 Thy greatest foes shall die.

C. Short Metre:

*Christ the king mocked by his enemies and saluted
 by his friends.*

I.

BEHOLD the son of God
 How patiently he stands !
 Surrounded by the savage Jews,
 And cruel Roman bands.

II.

They mock his royal claim ;
 And sport in impious play :
 In a feign'd robe of purple dye
 They rudely him array.

III.

Upon his head they place
 Of thorns a pricking crown :
 The thorns his sacred temples pierce,
 Whilst blood runs trickling down,

IV.

The sceptre too they mock,
 What can their scorn exceed ?
 For rod imperial, in his hand
 They put a feeble reed,

V.

The wretches bow the knee,
 And scornful homage pay ;
 King of the Jews they call him now,
 And hail thou king they say.

Let

VI.

Let Jews deride his claim,
 We will proclaim this king;
 The vict'ries, and the triumphs too
 Of his dear cross we sing.

VII.

Jesus the king now shines
 In robes of purest light:
 A radiant crown his head adorns,
 Than stars or sun more bright.

VIII.

Blest Jesus, glorious king,
 Thy sceptre is divine!
 Hail! mighty king, to thee we bow,
 To thee our hearts resign:

IX.

Thy crown of thorns, my Lord,
 Has a rich blessing prov'd;
 Since thou hast worn the thorn we see
 With joy the curse remov'd.

CI. Short Metre.

Hosanna to the Son of David. Mat. xxi. 9.

I.

ZION, behold your king
 With love and meekness crown'd:
 See where he rides in humble pomp,
 Whilst loud Hosannas sound.

II.

Let us proclaim this king,
 And our Hosannas join:
 Blest be great David's son and Lord,
 Whose kingdom is divine.

III.

In God his father's name

He comes to save our race :

Hail ! prince of peace, thou image fair

Of thine own Father's grace.

IV.

Wide may thy kingdom spread,

And prosper evermore :

May every nation bless thy name

To ocean's utmost shore.

V

Children and babes present

To Christ your feeble strains :

The king whom children sang on earth

In heaven triumphant reigns.

VI.

To earth he'll come again,

With brightest glories crown'd ;

Angels shall him escort, and saints

Their glad Hosannas sound.

VII.

In robes of purest white

The conquering saint shall shine :

Each shall his palm of victory bear,

The gift of grace divine.

VIII.

In strains to earth unknown

Their joyful tongues shall sing

Hosanna to the son of God,

Their Saviour and their king.

The

CII. Short Metre.

The voluntary sufferer. Pl. xl. 6, 7, 8. Heb.
x. 5, 6, 7.

I.

BEHOLD the love of Christ
To wretched dying men;
To save our souls he gives his life,
And takes it up again.

II.

What more could he bestow
Our losses to retrieve?
More than himself he could not give,
Nor more could we receive.

III.

Not all the powers on earth
Could stop his vital breath;
A victim to his will he fell,
And suffer'd unto death.

IV.

"I come, my God, he cries,
"I come to do thy will;
"Whate'er the sacred page hath said
"Thy son shall well fulfill.

V.

"In sacrifice no more,
"My God, is thy delight;
"Nor costliest gifts the east can send
"Are pleasing in thy sight.

VI.

"A body spotless pure
"Thou hast prepar'd for me;
"So grand, so rich a sacrifice
"The world did never see.

Q

"To

VII.

“ To do thy will, O God,
 “ To act the Saviour’s part;
 “ This law of love, my chief delight,
 “ Is wrote within my heart.”

VIII.

Jesus, thy name we love;
 To thee ourselves resign:
 But O how mean this sacrifice
 Compar’d, O Lord, with thine!

CIII. Short Metre.

He was number’d with the transgressors. Isa.
 liii. 12. Mark. xv. 28.

I.

BEHOLD God’s dearest son
 Nail’d to th’ accursed tree;
 Betwixt two thieves he hangs as tho’
 The vilest of the three.

II.

My condescending Lord,
 What love can equal thine!
 To bear such shame for us declares
 Compassion all-divine.

III.

Should we endure reproach,
 Dear Jesus, for thy name;
 With patience we would bear the scourge,
 And glory in the shame.

IV.

Thine honours we’ll maintain;
 Our songs alike shall own
 The Saviour hanging on his cross,
 And reigning on his throne.

Before

V.

Before the world would we
 Thy glorious name profess :
 Be this thy servant's strife who most
 The master shall express.

VI.

'Tis good to follow thee,
 E'en through a thorny road:
 Rough be our path it must be safe
 That leads to thine abode.

CIV. Long Metre.

It is finished. John xix. 30.

I.

'TIS finish'd—O important word
 Of Jesus my expiring Lord!
 The conflict's o'er, the vict'ry won,
 Thy triumphs, Jesus, are begun.

II.

Finish'd we see the wondrous scheme
 Our race from ruin to redeem:
 A scheme angelic thoughts above,
 By wisdom form'd, and boundless love.

III.

No blood of beasts profusely spilt
 Could wash away the stain of guilt;
 Nor Hyssop dipt in bullock's blood,
 Nor purest waters of the flood.

IV.

Jesus has bled, the work is done;
 The substance come, the type is gone:
 His blood alone could cleanse from sin,
 His spirit make us clean within.

V.

'Tis finish'd—what the prophets tell
That Christ should conquer when he fell:
He fell—and with his dying breath
Proclaims his victory over death.

VI.

Rejoice, ye righteous in the Lord,
And trust the mighty Saviour's word:
This prince exalted high to save
Shall make you triumph o'er the grave.

VII.

'Tis finish'd—O reviving word
Of Jesus, our expiring Lord!
The conflict's o'er, the victory won,
Thy triumphs, Jesus, are begun.

CV. Long Metre.

Miracles attending the death of Christ. Mat.
xxvii. 51, 52, 53.

I.

TIS finish'd—the redeemer cries,
Then bows his sacred head and dies:
Nature her suffering Lord bemoans
With sympathetic sighs and groans.

II.

Soon as the world's great light is gone
Her deepest mourning she puts on:
Affrighted at this awful sight
She veils the skies with sudden night.

III.

Such an eclipse ne'er seiz'd the sun
Since he his heavenly race begun:
From mortal eyes to disappear
Without an interposing sphere.

Behold!

IV.

Behold ! by hands unseen to men
 The sacred veil is rent in twain;
 Earth trembles, and the stubborn rock
 To shivers flies beneath the shock.

V.

The marble tombs, struck with surprize
 Burst, and their dead to life arise:
 What but a voice, and power divine
 Could make the grave it's charge resign?

VI.

Sweet pledge, ye faints, of that blest day
 When Christ shall wake your sleeping clay;
 Shall make his grace and power full known,
 And once, and ever death dethrone.

C V I. Long Metre.

Christ crucified the wisdom of God. 1 Cor. i.
 23, 24.

I.

LET Jews and Greeks the cross blaspheme,
 Christ crucified shall be our theme:
 Christ crucified we will adore,
 Of God the wisdom and the power.

II.

Still let the Jew reproach the cross,
 'Tis here we best repair our loss;
 How can the cross give us offence,
 Who draw our joys, our life from hence?

III.

Let heathen wits our faith deride
 Who hope for life from one that died:
 We know the grace, the wisdom bless
 Of what they scorn'd as foolishness.

Angels

IV.

Angels admire the wond'rous plan
That wisdom form'd to rescue man:
Ye sons of men with angels join
To praise the wisdom all-divine.

V.

Here, gracious God, with joy we see
Thy glorious attributes agree:
Mercy and truth together meet,
And justice smiles upon her seat.

VI.

The law in it's full glories shines,
For grace supports th' immortal lines:
His precious life thy Jesus gave
From sin and wrath alike to save.

CVII. Common Metre.

Christ praying for his crucifiers. Luke xxiii. 34.

I.

EXTENDED on the shameful tree
The great redeemer view;
By cruel Romans scourg'd, and mock'd
By the more cruel Jew.

II.

His dying groans they make their sport,
And scoff at his distress:
Fierce as the hungry birds of prey,
As tygers pitiless.

III.

But see what pity for his foes
In Jesu's breast is found:
Their crimes so pierce his heart he seems
To feel no other wound.

IV.

To heaven he lifts his heart and prays,
(What can his love subdue?)

“ Father forgive, he earnest cries,
“ They know not what they do.”

V.

Jesus this wond’rous love I sing,

And whilst I sing admire:

Breathe on my soul, and kindle there

The same celestial fire.

VI.

No longer then shall I abhor,

The man that is my foe ;

But shall forgive, and think how much,

I to thy bounty owe.

CVIII. Common Metre.

*Desiring to be affected with a view of a cruci-
fied Saviour.*

I.

A MAZING love! God has not spar’d

His dear and only son :

But him deliver’d up to death

For crimes which men had done.

II.

Behold the spotless son of God

Amidst the hellish bands:

With cruel thongs his back they tear,

Then pierce his feet and hands.

III.

Nail’d to th’ accursed tree he hangs

A spectacle of woe:

From head, from hands and pierced feet

The crimson currents flow.

Shock’d

IV.

Shock'd at the sight the frighted sun
 Withdraws each radiant beam:
 The earth convulsive pangs endures
 Whilst Jews unmov'd blaspheme.

V.

The Saviour bows his head and dies,
 And mighty rocks are rent:
 Lord, may these scenes affect my soul,
 And make my heart relent.

VI.

O may I ne'er indulge those sins
 To thee more cruel far
 Than thorns or rods, than whips or nails,
 Or pointed Roman spear.

CIX. Long Metre.

*The love of God and Christ in our redemption
 admired.*

I.

HE bleeds---the Saviour bleeds and dies
 Amidst a thousand agonies:
 For crimes he suffers who had none,
 T' atone for faults which men had done.

II.

O the amazing love of God,
 On his own son to lay the rod!
 To bruise him on th' accursed tree,
 That from the curse he might us free.

III.

Great too, my Saviour, was thy love,
 To leave the glorious realms above:
 To be the babe, the child, the man
 To execute what grace began.

Such

IV.

Such love by far exceeds the name
Of human in it's purest flame:
A love which angels still admire,
Should heart and tongue and life inspire.

V.

Ye sons of men admire the grace
By heaven bestow'd on Adam's race:
But language fails---what words deny,
Let love, immortal love, supply.

VI.

Pursue ye saints the heavenly road,
Marking each step your Saviour trod.
His love, his grace, will carry through,
And make you more than conqu'rors too.

CX. Common Metre.

* *The Offices of Christ.*

I.

JESUS how precious is thy name,
How bright thy glories shine!
Each sacred charm unites in thee,
Thy beauties are divine.

II.

Only begotten, well-belov'd
Of thy own father God;
In thee all grace and truth reside,
And love makes its abode.

* This hymn has already appear'd in print, and is now republished with some alterations in the fourth stanza.---- See a collection of psalms and hymns printed in London for J. Waugh, &c. 1760. p. 369.

III.

Greatest of prophets, I admire
 Each doctrine and command :
 And whilst my soul adores the grace,
 To do thy will I stand.

IV.

Thou art my priest, and wond'rous love !
 Thy self the sacrifice :
 Thy blood aton'd, and still it's voice
 Is heard above the skies.

V.

It is thy right, my glorious king,
 To rule this heart of mine ;
 Each base usurper I renounce
 To be entirely thine.

VI.

Thy great example nobly shines,
 And strengthens all thy laws :
 My duty bids me copy thee,
 Thy love most strongly draws.

CXI. Common Metre.

The example of Christ. John xii. 26.

I.

IT is my saviour's voice I hear,
 Arise and follow me :
 Jesus, my great but humble Lord,
 My pattern thou shalt be.

II.

What pure devotion warm'd thy breast,
 What zeal inflam'd thy heart ?
 Let me but catch the sacred fire,
 My soul shall do her part.

III.

It was thy meat, thy drink to do
 Thy heavenly father's will :
 Be this my best repast on earth
 My duty to fulfill.

IV.

When fore afflictions press me down,
 Let patience hold me up :
 The cup I drink, my Lord was thine ;
 I drink a father's cup.

V.

Father, thy will not mine be done,
 Was thy submissive cry ;
 O touch my heart, and then my tongue
 Shall make the same reply.

VI.

Goodness which shone through all thy life
 Was brightest at thy death :
 Forgive my murd'ers, was the prayer,
 Of thy expiring breath.

VII.

Jesus enlarge my narrow soul,
 With goodness such as thine :
 Thy fair example close pursued,
 Shall make me all divine.

CXII. Common Metre.

*Christ's compassion and tendernefs. Heb. ii.
 17, 18.*

I.

YE humble followers of the lamb,
 What should your fears create ?
 Behold the saviour's lovely name,
 The tender advocate.

II.

No stranger he to human woes,
 Or to temptations fore :
 Far greater sorrows he has felt
 Than mortals ever bore.

III.

He knows what griefs his servants feel,
 And feels himself their smart :
 Their sighs and groans, and flowing tears
 Pierce thro' his tender heart.

IV.

Such an High-Priest in human form,
 So tender, good and just,
 Will ne'er desert his faithful friends,
 Nor disappoint their trust.

V.

The sympathy that dwells within
 His tongue shall sweetly prove ;
 As standing by his father's throne,
 He pleads his dying love.

VI.

Be still my passions, then be still ;
 My cause let Jesus plead ;
 God will bestow the promis'd grace
 To help in time of need.

CXIII. Long Metre.

*The Christian Passover, or the Old Leaven
 purged out. i. Cor. 5, 7, 8.*

I.

SEE Israel's sons their coats around,
 Repair to Salem's hallow'd ground ;
 The passover begins the year,
 And young and old with joy appear.

Christians

II.

Christians have now their feast, and more
 Than ever Jews enjoy'd before :
 Our paschal lamb has long been slain,
 The substance come the type is vain.

III.

* 'Tis a deliv'rance wond'rous great
 We at this table celebrate :
 Rescued from sin, from death and hell,
 What tongue can such salvation tell?

IV.

With pious care let us remove
 What ever Christ cannot approve :
 Let no base leaven, no secret guile
 Our conscience, or our feast defile.

V.

Sacred the temple of our God,
 Pure be our hearts for his abode :
 If he vouchsafes to dwell within
 We must purge out the reigning sin.

VI.

With body pure, and mind most chaste
 Our hallow'd food we're bid to taste :
 Anger and malice must be gone,
 That love divine may rule alone.

* This and the nine following hymns are more particularly adapted to the Lord's Supper. There are several others which may be as suitable, where this institution is not expressly referred to.

Behold

CXIV. Short Metre.

Behold the lamb of God. John i. 36,

I.

BEHOLD the lamb of God!

The holy baptist cries;
Whilst joy inspir'd his pious breast,
And sparkled in his eyes.

II.

Let us behold the lamb,
In him no spot we see:
How patient, gentle, meek and mild!
From guile, from error free.

III.

See Jesus like a lamb
Led to the sacrifice;
And silent as the sheep that dumb
Before her shearer lies.

IV.

This lamb of God, ye saints,
In mem'ry still retain:
Come chearful to the gospel feast,
Your passover is slain.

V.

The lamb most worthy is,
And be his name ador'd;
He dies, and by his death behold
A guilty world restor'd!

VI.

Behold this spotless lamb!
And mark the path he trod;
This blessed road will surely lead
To happiness and God.

CXV. Common Metre.

Love to an unseen Saviour. 1 Pet. i. 8.

I.

BLEST, O my Saviour, were those eyes
Which saw on earth thy face!
Who in thy humble form beheld
Thy father's truth and grace.

II.

But now thy lovely face is hid
From these our mortal eyes;
Yet still by faith we may thee view,
For faith can pierce the skies.

III.

Jesus, our Lord, increase that faith
Which lifts the soul above:
Then shall thy glories, tho' unseen,
Transform our souls to love.

IV.

Yes, we will love thee tho' unseen,
For thou art still the same;
Thy saints thou never wilt forget,
Nor scorn the humblest name.

V.

These are thy servants, these thy friends,
For them thy table's spread:
What can they want whilst thou wilt give
The true and living bread?

VI.

Jesus, thy table we surround,
Our sacred food we eat:
And in our chearful songs of praise
Thy wond'rous grace repeat.

When

VII.

When faith shall well have cleans'd our souls
 We will rejoice in thee :
 But, O the joy unspeakable,
 Thy blisful face to see !

This hymn may be sang previous to the Lord's-Supper by making this small alteration in stanza VI.

Jesus, thy table we'll approach
 Our sacred food to eat:

And in our chearful songs of praise
 Thy grace we will repeat.

CXVI. Common Metre.

On the Lord's Supper.

I.

THIS is the feast that Jesus makes,
 And bids his friends draw near ;
 Not all the dainties earth can give
 So much my heart can chear.

II.

Ye saints, with gratitude adore
 Your Saviour's tender love ;
 Who by these signs would raise your souls
 To him and things above.

III.

Descend, blest Lord, and dwell by faith
 Within this heart of mine :
 Thy grace shall strengthen all my powers,
 And bless each sacred sign.

IV.

Jesus, thy flesh is meat indeed ;
 And drink indeed thy blood :
 Thou giv'st us living bread for meat,
 For drink the living flood.

Strength'ned

V.

Strengthened with inward might we'll do,
 And bear thy holy will:
 Our foes shall fall, and we'll go on
 To fight and conquer still.

VI.

Drawn by the powerful cords of love,
 Thy glories we'll proclaim:
 And do our best to make the world
 Revere, and love thy name.

CXVII. Common Metre.

On the Lord's Supper.

I.

JESUS, why should we eat and drink
 To keep thy love in mind?
 Can thy disciples thee forget,
 Thy friends become unkind?

II.

Ah! Lord, thou know'st how frail we are,
 How earthly cares beset;
 By these o'erwhelm'd how soon do we
 Ourselves, and thee forget?

III.

To thee ten thousand thanks we owe,
 Our souls with all their powers;
 Bind to thyself with cords of love
 These roving hearts of ours.

IV.

May faith present thy matchless charms
 To our admiring eyes:
 Here may we see what angels view
 With pleasure and surprize.

V.

Vain world depart; and try no more

To fix my heart on thee:

I must now live to him alone

Who liv'd and died for me.

CXVIII. Common Metre.

On the Lord's Supper.

I.

THIS do in mem'ry of your Lord,

The holy Jesus said;

When he his heavenly father blest,

And took and broke the bread.

II.

Take eat, saith he, and here behold

My body broke for you:

Take ye the cup, and drink the wine,

For this my blood doth shew.

III.

The new, the better cov'nant see,

Which time shall ne'er repeal;

This cov'nant founded in my blood

Shall your full pardon seal.

IV.

Jesus, thy flesh is heavenly food,

Thy blood is drink indeed:

From thee we grace and strength derive

To help in time of need.

V.

Whilst at thy table, Lord, we sit,

Enlarge our narrow hearts;

Then faith and hope, and holy joy

Shall well fulfill their parts.

Lord,

VI.

Lord, we are thine, bought with thy blood,
 Our service is thy due;
 With zeal inspire us to perform
 The vows we here renew.

CXIX. Common Metre.

On the Lord's Supper.

I.

JESUS the king his table spreads,
 And bids his friends draw near;
 Obey my soul; with sacred joy
 Before the king appear.

II.

What is it, Lord, thou dost require?
 A thing extremely hard?
 That few, so very few, are found
 Who this command regard.

III.

Dost thou oblige us by this act
 To be made poor like thee?
 To bear the pain and the reproach
 Of thine accursed tree?

IV.

Must we renounce all social bliss
 Kind providence supplies?
 To caves and deserts must we run,
 And spend our lives in sighs?

V.

Thy laws, my dearest Lord, contain
 No such severe decree:
 This precept bids us shew thy death,
 And still remember thee.

VI.

O may we bear thy laws in mind,
 Like thee be meek and good!
 And with our lips and lives proclaim
 The virtues of thy blood.

VII.

Shall Heathens to appease false gods
 Their bodies wound and tear:
 And can I then, my Lord, refuse
 Thine easy yoke to wear?

CXX. Short Metre.

*Looking on him whom we have pierced; or the
 water and the blood. John xix. 34, 37.*

I.

JESUS this feast provides;
 And bids his saints attend:
 Ye saints, his matchless favours sing,
 Which all your thoughts transcend,

II.

Was ever love like his?
 Ye Angels it admire;
 To leave the bliss of his own heaven,
 And on a cross expire.

III.

Breathless, and pale he hangs,
 A spectacle of woe:
 From his pierc'd side in streams behold
 The blood and water flow.

IV.

So rich a flood as this
 'Till now ne'er stain'd the ground:
 Our pardon, and our cleansing too
 In this blest stream are found.

Dear

V

Dear Jesus, whilst we view
 Thy wounded hands and heart
 Deep-pierc'd would we lament those sins
 Which gave thee all thy smart.

VI.

Won by thy love, the world,
 And flesh shall be deny'd:
 Thus we proclaim our love, and thus
 With thee are crucify'd.

CXXI. Common Metre.

On the Lord's supper.

I.

BEHOLD the father's matchless grace,
 From heaven he sent his son;
 To bleed, and die upon the cross,
 For crimes which men had done.

II.

Ye saints this sacred board around
 Adore the Saviour's name;
 For you the painful cross he bore,
 For you despis'd the shame.

III.

My tongue the boundless grace would sing;
 But words how weak are they?
 Not the blest tongues which angels use
 Can all the grace display.

IV.

I bid the nobler powers of thought,
 To try what they can do;
 But soon, alas! they sink and tire,
 Whilst I the theme pursue.

Not

V.

Not the bright seraphs who excell
 In wisdom, can explore
 The heights and depths of this great love,
 But wond'ring still adore.

VI.

I too with wond'ring angels join,
 A feebler song I raise :
 And when my tongue can do more
 My life shall better praise.

This hymn may be suited to any other occasion by altering the II^d stanza thus :

Come, ye that love the Lord, unite
 To praise the Saviour's name ;
 For you the painful, &c.

CXXII. Short Metre.

On the same.

I.

THIS sacred feast we keep,
 In mem'ry, Lord, of thee :
 Here 'tis thy griefs we view, and here
 Thy greater love we see.

II.

Not death's most direful forms
 Could o'er thy love prevail :
 Love stretch'd thy body on the tree,
 And drove each painful nail.

III.

We see thy love flow down
 In streams divinely pure :
 To wash our souls from all their stains,
 And make our pardon sure.

What

IV.

What shall I render Lord,
 For love so great as thine ?
 To thee ten thousand thanks I owe,
 To thee myself resign.

V.

Rule henceforth, mighty Lord,
 The empire of my soul :
 Each word, each thought, each secret wish,
 Thou king of grace controll.

VI.

My life shall praise thee best,
 Whilst I thy laws obey :
 But O eternity's too short,
 My debt of love to pay!

CXXIII. Common Metre.

The superiority of Christ's priesthood. Heb. x.

11, 12.

I.

JESUS the great high-priest behold,
 With brightest honours crown'd ;
 Glad angels sing his praise, and strike
 Their harps of sweetest sound.

II.

His glorious priest-hood let us sing,
 Not drawn from Aaron's line ;
 More noble is his calling far,
 His order more divine.

III.

In swift succession Aaron's sons
 The changing priest-hood quit :
 The fathers die, and to their heirs
 The sacred charge transmit.

IV.

Not with his breath did our high-priest,
 His greater charge resign :
 For ever shall his priest-hood last,
 So spake the oath divine.

V.

No offerings for himself he brings,
 To cleanse from guilt within :
 Holy he was and undefil'd,
 He did, he knew no sin.

VI.

Behold ! within the veil he bears,
 His own most precious blood :
 No blood of beasts ; their pierced veins
 Ne'er pour'd so rich a flood.

VII.

In vain the bleeding victims fell
 Throughout the circling year :
 No blood of bulls, of goats, or lambs
 Could make the conscience clear.

VIII.

Jesus, thy single sacrifice
 The mighty work has done :
 The types are fled, dispers'd like mists
 Before the rising sun.

CXXIV. Common Metre

The yoke of Christ an easy one. Mat. xi. 29, 30.

I.

'TIS Jesus the great master speaks,
 My soul obey his word :
 Take up my easy yoke, he cries,
 And learn of me your Lord.

The

II.

The galling yoke by Moses fram'd
 My gospel shall remove :
 I give the wounded conscience ease,
 And rule by laws of love.

III.

Jesus the precepts in thy word
 With charming lustre shine :
 But written in thy fairer life,
 Their beauty is divine.

IV.

When pride puffs up my empty mind,
 Or angry passions rise ;
 O may I then with conscious shame
 To thee direct my eyes.

V.

Humble and meek thy temper was,
 And all thy passions pure :
 In thy blest life I see my rule,
 And find my powerful cure.

VI.

When I have learnt thy temper well,
 In thy fair image drest ;
 Peace shall possess this soul of mine,
 Sweet pledge of endless rest.

CXXV. Short Metre.

Christ's death, burial and resurrection,

I.

WE sing our saviour's love,
 For us he yields to death :
 'Tis finish'd, saith the Lord of life,
 And then resigns his breath.

T

See

II

See where his faithful friends
 Their odours sweet prepare ;
 T' enbalm his corps, nor pains nor cost
 The rich disciples spare.

III.

Their fears are now forgot,
 And whilst the rest are fled,
 Nobly they stand, and own their Lord
 Now number'd with the dead:

IV.

In Joseph's virgin tomb
 Behold the body plac'd :
 No tomb since death his reign began,
 With such a guest was grac'd.

V.

Boast not thy vict'ry death,
 Thy triumphs grave decline ;
 Soon shall thy strong, and massy bars,
 The prince of life resign.

VI.

A body so prepar'd,
 From all defilement free ;
 A form so holy could but die,
 But not corruption see.

VII.

Ye Jews, and hosts of hell,
 Soon were your triumphs o'er ;
 The saviour fell to rise again,
 And lives for ever more.

VIII.

He lives ; ye saints rejoice
 Through him you vict'ry have :
 For you he conquer'd death, for you
 He triumph'd o'er the grave.

CXXVI. Long Metre.

The resurrection of Christ. Matt. xxviii. 2.--9.

I.

JOIN voices, all ye saints, and sing
 The conquering saviour and the king :
 He rose---he lives, the joyous sound,
 Let earth with all her shores rebound.

II.

Tell me O earth, what made thee shake ?
 Ye rocks what power could make you quake ?
 'Th' Almighty father gave the word,
 And ye restor'd your captive Lord.

III.

Jesus my son, he saith, I claim ;
 Only-begotten him I name :
 This day be known his higher birth,
 By all in heav'n, by all on earth.

IV.

He spoke---and from the lofty skies,
 With speedy wing an Angel flies :
 The place he marks where Jesus lay,
 And rolls the mighty stone away.

V.

How great the keeper's fear and dread
 They quake, they fall, they lie as dead !
 Thy bands O grave all strove in vain,
 The glorious pris'ner to detain !

VI.

What stone, or seal could him confine
 When quicken'd by the power divine ?
 Who should forbid God's son to rise
 When God accepts his sacrifice ?

VII.

“He is not here”---O charming word!
 Risen ye saints is Christ your Lord:
 Jesus by faith we would survey,
 The place where once thy body lay.

VIII.

With thee our brightest hope arise
 Of endless joys above the skies:
 O may these hopes effectual prove,
 To raise our souls to things above.

CXXVII. Common Metre.

On the same.

I.

HE bled, the saviour bled and dy'd,
 But fell to rise again:
 His cross the sure foundation laid
 For his immortal reign.

II.

Not all the bonds and bars of death,
 This pris'ner could confine:
 “My son shall not corruption see,”
 So spake the voice divine.

III.

Lo! in the east the third day dawns,
 In haste the darkness flies;
 Angels swift-wing'd to earth descend,
 Commission'd from the skies.

IV.

See a glad Angel from the tomb
 Rolls back the mighty stone;
 'Tis now our Jesus quits the dust
 To mount a heavenly throne.

The

V.

The father with new honours crowns
 His son's exalted head :
 My son, he saith, I make thee Lord
 Of living and of dead.

VI.

To thee each knee shall humbly bow;
 Thee, every tongue confess :
 The nations by thy blood redeem'd
 Shall sing my righteousness.

CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Risen with Christ. Col. iii. 1.

I.

WHAT is there on this earthly ball
 To satisfy my soul ?
 Why should a mind for heaven design'd,
 Still grovel with the mole ?

II.

There is a glorious world above,
 Unseen by mortal eye ;
 Thither the risen saviour's gone,
 No more to bleed and die.

III.

He lives, for ever lives and reigns,
 Great advocate and king !
 Where's now thy boasted vict'ry grave,
 And death where is thy sting ?

IV.

Risen with Christ, my soul must rise
 To things that are above :
 Jesus assist my flight, and give
 Swift wings of faith and love.

V.

May every sacred tie unite
 To raise my soul to thee :
 My heaven begun shall be compleat
 When I thy face shall see.

CXXIX. Common Metre.

Thomas's unbelief, and Christ's condescension.

John xx. 25,---30.

I.

HOW condescending and how good
 The risen Jesus is ?
 What condescension can be found
 That ever equal'd his ?

II.

Behold he stands, and shews the wounds
 His sacred body bore :
 The prints the cruel nails had made
 Whence stream'd the crimson gore.

III.

“ Thomas reach forth thy hand, he cries,
 And feel these prints you see :
 Thrust now thy hand into my side
 Nor longer faithless be.”

IV.

The man by mighty love subdued
 Nor doubts, nor questions more :
 With sweet surprize, behold him now
 His Lord divine adore.

V.

What tho' blest Jesus with our eyes
 We ne'er beheld thy face ;
 Yet faith adores thee all divine,
 And loves to trust thy grace.

Faith,

VI.

Faith, charming source of joy and peace,
 It's thousand blessings has :
 Increase my faith, and make me, Lord,
 More blest than Thomas was.

CXXX. Common Metre.

Christ's ascension. Luke xxiv. 50, 51.

I.

TO Jesus our ascending king
 Our voices let us raise :
 His risen triumphs well may claim
 Our noblest songs of praise.

II.

Near to my view, celestial faith,
 The pleasing prospect bring ;
 So shall my soul mount upward too,
 And as it rises sing.

III.

Look where the risen Jesus stands,
 His looks all tenderness :
 Behold his gracious hands stretch'd out
 His family to bless.

IV.

He blesses---and in blessing takes
 His last and fond adieu :
 Parted at once the air he treads,
 And rises in their view.

V.

Upwards they gaze with steady eye
 To see him take his flight ;
 When lo ! an interposing cloud
 Conceals him from their sight.

Escorted

V.

Escorted by th' Angelick bands
 He takes his glorious crown;
 And from his seat on God's right-hand
 He sends his spirit down.

VI.

Thus he fulfills his gracious word,
 And makes his triumphs known:
 The Gentile nations learn his name,
 And bow before his throne.

CXXXI. Short Metre.

Christ's ascension and advocacy.

I.

QUIT, O my soul, the earth,
 And do thy best to rise;
 To Jesus soar, ascended far
 Above the lofty skies.

II.

Proclaim the glorious day,
 And all his triumphs tell:
 Sing how he spoil'd his mighty foes,
 And vanquish'd death and hell.

III.

Behold at God's right-hand
 He takes th' appointed seat;
 Whilst Angels their low homage pay,
 And saints the conqueror greet.

IV.

With joy they tune their harps,
 And in sweet accents sing
 The conquests, and the triumphs too
 Of their exalted king.

V.

Ye saints that dwell on earth
 The heavenly concert join :
 Proclaim th' ascended king, and praise
 Your advocate divine.

VI.

Sing of his faithfulness ;
 The power he has above :
 Tell all his friends his heart is made
 Of sympathy and love.

VII.

Come all the gifts rehearse
 His bounteous hands bestow :
 Sing the rich virtues of his blood,
 Through which these blessings flow,

VIII.

Rejoice, ye humble souls,
 Jesus your cause will plead :
 The father hears his son always,
 And will supply your need.

CXXXII. Long Metre.

The effusion of the Spirit. Acts ii. 1—13.

I.

WE sing the honours of the day
 On which th' Apostles met to pray ;
 With hearts and tongues in sweet accord,
 Waiting the promise of their Lord.

II.

When lo ! from heaven a sudden sound
 By them was heard the place around ;
 Like wind the blast impetuous came,
 And strait appear bright tongues of flame.

U

The

III.

The cloven tongues of sacred fire
On each alight, and each inspire:
With various tongues at once they speak;
Barbarian, Roman, Hebrew, Greek.

IV.

Each profelyte from distant lands
To hear these Galileans stands:
And hears amaz'd God's wonders shown
In foreign tongues, and in his own.

V.

Thus did the Spirit set his seal,
And Christ his truth and power reveal:
Now 'tis he sends his servants forth
To east and west, to south and north,

VI.

No more like fearful lambs they run
The terrors of the cross to shun:
But bold as lions they proclaim
Their risen master's glorious name.

VII.

What wond'rous signs these men attend
Their heavenly doctrine to commend?
With power invested from on high
The dead revive, the living die.

VIII.

The gospel runs swift like the light,
And quick dispels the shades of night:
The lands that long in darkness lay
Feel the blest gospel's quick'ning ray.

IX.

Their sins, and follies now they mourn,
And from their lusts and idols turn:
Gentile, and Jew with one accord
Unite to praise their common Lord.

The

CXXXIII. Common Metre.

The glorious success of the gospel predicted.
John xii. 32. Mat. xiii. 31, 32.

I.

THE glorious triumphs of the cross
Our chearful tongues shall tell:
The triumphs Jesus had foretold
O'er all the powers of hell.

II.

Yes, when I'm lifted up, he cries,
I'll draw all men to me:
The stubborn Jew shall own my sway,
And Gentiles bow the knee.

III.

Small as my kingdom now appears
An empire wide I'll have:
The nations when I quit my tomb
Shall know my power to save.

IV.

From error, and from lusts impure,
My word shall cleanse the soul;
So acts the leav'n upon the mass
'Till it ferments the whole.

V.

Like the small seed the mustard bears
My gospel's growth shall be:
By heaven well blest the little seed
Shall form a mighty tree.

VI.

Beneath it's branches spreading wide
The nations shall repair:
There shall they find a cooling shade,
And sweet refreshment there.

VII.

As from the east unto the west
 The rapid lightning flies;
 So shall my truth swift dart it's beams
 To make the simple wise.

VIII.

My servants shall my gospel spread,
 My power shall make it run
 To western climes, and to the realms
 Beneath the rising sun.

CXXXIV. Common Metre.

True freedom by the gospel. John viii. 36.

I.

MISLED by error Adam's sons
 The paths of darkness trod;
 Not Rome, nor Greece for wisdom fam'd
 So much as knew the God.

II.

The nations bound in gloomy chains
 The tyrant Satan sway'd:
 Kings, nobles, peasants slaves alike
 Th' infernal prince obey'd.

III.

Dark clouds o'erwhelm'd the chosen race,
 And painful was their yoke:
 'Till Jesus came, and by his death
 The bonds asunder broke.

IV.

Truth, with it's heavenly beams arose,
 And chas'd the doleful night:
 The nations sunk in death's dark shades,
 Salute the gospel's light.

Jesus

V.

Jesus his peaceful sceptre takes,
 And rules with gentle sway;
 The heathen lands from bondage freed
 To him glad homage pay.

VI.

The spirit of pure liberty
 Breathes thro' his equal laws:
 With cords of love, the prince of peace
 His willing subjects draws.

VII.

Sinners obey this Lord, and then
 His favour you can't miss:
 Freed by the Son, your tongues shall sing
 No freedom equals his.

CXXXV. Common Metre.

The gospel a glorious light. 2 Tim. i. 10.

I.

THE gospel, like another sun,
 Shines with a glorious ray;
 Chasing the darkness of the night
 It spreads the moral day.

II.

What blessed truths this book reveals?
 What hope it's pages give?
 Pardon and peace the gospel brings,
 And bids the sinner live.

III.

Purer than silver most refin'd
 It's holy precepts shine:
 The promises most precious are,
 Th' examples are divine.

IV.

The father's love, the Saviour's grace
 Adorn the sacred page:
 Our giddy youth it guides and props
 Our most enfeebled age.

V.

Immortal life is brought to light,
 A life of perfect joy:
 Pleasures refin'd that always charm,
 Delights that never cloy.

VI.

Thy gospel, Lord, demands my song,
 For this thy name I bless:
 O may my life as well as tongue
 It's glorious power confess!

CXXXVI. Common Metre.

Not ashamed of Christ, or his gospel. Rom.
 i. 16.

I.

LET Jews and Greeks my Saviour scorn,
 My faith let wits deride;
 I'm not asham'd to boast of Christ,
 And him too crucified.

II.

How much his gospel I admire
 I'm not asham'd to own;
 Treasures of knowledge here I find,
 To Greece and Rome unknown.

III.

My soul adores the boundless grace,
 The wisdom of the plan:
 No scheme like this to honour God,
 And none so safe for man.

IV.

In vain the powers of earth and hell
 Against the gospel join :
 How weak the mortal arm of flesh ?
 How strong is the divine ?

V.

O blessed day when Jews confess'd
 Their fancied gains but loss !
 And Gentiles join'd with Jews to raise
 The trophies of the cross.

VI.

Thou God of grace thine arm reveal,
 Such blessed times restore ;
 The triumphs of thy gospel spread
 To ocean's utmost shore.

CXXXVII. Common Metre.

A prayer for the spread and success of the gospel.

I.

GREAT God of grace, arise and shine
 With beams of heavenly light ;
 From this dark world of sin dispel
 The long and doleful night.

II.

No more may senseless idols share
 The honours due to thee :
 May every nation know thy name,
 And thy salvation see.

III.

No more may persecution dare
 To lift her iron rod ;
 No longer shed the blood of saints,
 And plead a zeal for God.

With

IV.

With it's own pure and native light,
 Lord, may thy gospel shine :
 May error fly like noxious mists
 Before this light divine.

V.

Whilst heaven-born truth her charms reveals,
 May love each breast inspire ;
 Nor one base passion ever mix
 To quench this sacred fire.

VI.

Lord, from on high thy Spirit pour,
 So shall thy kingdom come ;
 And paradise, like Eden fair,
 On earth once more shall bloom.

CXXXVIII. Common Metre.

The excellency of the gospel morals.

I.

HOW wond'rous pure the gospel is !
 How bright it's precepts shine ?
 Not Greece nor Rome could ever boast,
 Of morals so divine.

II.

Laws to the heart the gospel gives
 To purify within :
 The idle word stands here condemn'd,
 And the mere thought of sin.

III.

The laws of love, how far they reach ?
 With what sweet force controul ?
 Our angry passions sooth, and quell
 The tumults of the soul.

What

IV.

What noble conquests love obtains ?

What triumphs can it shew ?

Triumphs the blest self-conqu'ror boasts,

Which heroes never knew.

V.

Sway'd by the gospel's precepts we

For enemies will pray :

With love, their hatred ; and their curse

With blessings we'll repay.

VI.

Pity shall touch our hearts to see

An hungry starving foe ;

The needful bread our hands out-stretch'd

Shall joyfully bestow,

VII.

But in our Jesus 'tis we see

The law of love compleat :

Earnest he prays for those who pierc'd

His sacred hands and feet.

VIII.

Yes, when extended on the cross,

He for their pardon pleads :

Great as their rage, and fury were

His love their rage exceeds,

CXXXIX. Common Metre.

The fruits of the Spirit. Gal. v. 22, 23.

I.

WHEN gentle spring renews the earth,
In living green array'd ;

In nature's varied scenes we see

The life divine display'd.

X

Man's

II.

Man's heart the Soil, the word the seed

Whence to expect the crop :

Whilst grace divine like falling showers

Supports the sower's hope.

III.

The trees of righteousness how fair ?

What fruits so strike the eye ?

Fruits ripening still when nature's works,

And nature's self shall die.

IV.

What charms hath love ? and peace how sweet ?

How bright doth goodness shine ?

Long-suff'ring, temp'rance, truth and joy,

Shall make us all divine.

V.

In idle rites, in fiery zeal

No fruit is to be found ;

And worship too that is mere form

Will not improve the ground.

VI.

In vain our passions are on fire

If still impure the heart ;

Our hopes will fail, and we alas !

Shall miss that better part.

CXL. Common Metre.

Divine influences implor'd.

I.

THY influence, mighty God ! is felt

Through nature's ample round :

In heaven, on earth, through air and seas

Thine energy is found.

Life

II.

Life, motion, strength, with thee reside,
 And beauty's softest charms :
 Thy power in every tempest blows,
 And in each sun-beam warms.

III.

The thirsty earth with thousand mouths
 Drinks in thy falling showers :
 Thou mak'st the hills and meadows smile ;
 Thy hand paints all the flowers.

IV.

Thy sacred influence, Lord, I need,
 To form my heart anew :
 O cleanse my soul from every sin
 And thy salvation shew !

V.

Father of lights ! thy spirit grant
 To guide my doubtful way :
 Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
 And make a glorious day.

VI.

Supported by thy heavenly grace,
 I'll do and bear thy will :
 Thy grace shall make each burden light,
 And every murmur still.

VII.

Chear'd by thy smiles, I'll fearless tread
 The gloomy paths of death :
 And with the hopes of endless bliss
 Resign to thee my breath.

CXLI. Common Metre.

The brazen serpent. Numb. xxi. 8, 9, John
iii. 14, 15.

WHEN Israel's sons, a murm'ring race,
Despis'd their heavenly bread ;
God bid his fiery serpents fly,
To strike the rebels dead.

II.

*Swift like an arrow through the air,
The baleful reptiles fly ;
The rebels feel the deadly wound,
And groan, and gasp, and die.

III.

A part still live ; but O what looks !
What agonizing pain !
The fatal darts stick fast within,
And human help is vain.

IV.

Now 'tis they feel the smart of guilt,
And mourn their evil ways :
Now Moses feels his Israel's griefs,
And for his Israel prays.

V.

He prays, and vengeance quite disarm'd,
Forsakes her awful throne :
Mercy ascends her milder seat,
And makes her glories known.

VI.

See Moses raise by God's command,
The brazen serpent high ;
The wounded trust the grace divine,
And look with eager eye.

How

* These fiery serpents, it should seem were flying serpents.
See Isa. xiv. 29.

VII.

How strange the means ? but in God's hand
 The remedy how sure ?
 Not one that view'd the healing brags
 But found a speedy cure.

VIII.

Thus, on his cross, God's only son
 By men was lifted high ;
 To heal our wounds, and save our souls
 When threat'ned death was nigh.

IX.

Sinners believe ; look to his cross,
 Repent, and ye shall live :
 His death eternal life procures,
 And grace this life shall give.

CXLII. Common Metre.

*The lost sheep found, or joy in heaven on the
 conversion of a sinner. Luke xv. 3, 4, &c.*

I.

WHen some kind shepherd from his fold,
 Has lost a straying sheep ;
 Through vales, o'er hills he anxious roves,
 And climbs the mountain steep.

II.

But O the joy ! the transport sweet !
 When he the wand'rer finds :
 Up in his arms he takes his charge,
 And to his shoulders binds.

III.

Homeward he hastes to tell his joys,
 And make his bliss compleat :
 The neighbours hear the news, and all
 The joyful shepherd greet. Such

IV.

Such, and much greater is the joy
 When but one sinner turns ;
 When the poor wretch with broken heart,
 His sins and errors mourns.

V.

Pleas'd with the news the saints below,
 In songs their tongues employ :
 Beyond the skies the tidings go,
 And heaven is fill'd with joy.

VI.

Well-pleas'd the Father sees, and hears
 The conscious sinner weep :
 Jesus receives him in his arms,
 And owns him for his sheep.

VII.

Nor Angels can their joys contain
 But kindle with new fire :
 A wand'ring sheep's return'd they sing,
 And strike the sounding lyre.

CXLIII. Long Metre.

The redemption of man the joy of Angels.

I.

R EDEMPTION---'tis a glorious scheme ;
 Dwell, O my soul, on this blest theme :
 A theme enquiring Angels view,
 With growing zeal, with raptures new.

II.

Though once they drew a flaming sword,
 'Gainst man the rebel to their Lord ;
 Yet man they love, and sing the grace
 Design'd by heaven for Adam's race.

When

III.

When but one sinner quits the road
That leads to death, and turns to God ;
Joyous they hear the news, and sing
Th' increasing glories of their king.

IV.

Well-pleas'd they see heaven's new-born heir
Committed to their tender care ;
And swift they fly from worlds above
On errands full of heavenly love.

V.

But what bold numbers can display
The joy of Angels on that day,
When they with Christ their Lord shall come,
And sing his triumphs o'er the tomb ?

VI.

The pious race, God's best elect,
From distant parts they shall collect,
To share the rich and full reward
Prepar'd, and promis'd by their Lord.

CXLIV. Long Metre.

Angels ministering to Christ and the saints.

I.

SEE Gabriel swift descend to earth,
Glad to foretell a Saviour's birth :
Hark ! a full choir of Angels sing
The new-born saviour, and the king.

II.

Behold these swift-wing'd envoys wait
On Jesus in his humble state :
The desert, and the garden prove
Their glowing zeal, their tender love.

But

III.

But who their mighty joys can tell,
 When Jesus vanquish'd death and hell?
 They saw the glorious conqu'ror rise,
 And fill'd his friends with sweet surprize.

IV.

They saw the conqu'ror mount on high,
 To glorious worlds beyond the sky ;
 Escorted by a shining band,
 To take his place at God's right hand.

V.

Still are these glorious hosts above
 Employ'd in messages of love :
 On saints below they chearful wait,
 Nor think the work beneath their state.

VI.

Jesus, my Lord, my living friend,
 May these thy servants me attend
 Through life, and when I quit this clay
 Safe to thine arms my soul convey.

CXLV. Common Metre.

The returning prodigal. Luke xv, 11, &c.

I.

FAR from his father's house behold
 The prodigal depart :
 No bonds of duty, or of love
 Can bind his roving heart.

II.

Pleas'd with the dream of liberty,
 To filthy lust a slave ;
 In riot soon he spends the wealth
 His father's bounty gave.

Now

III.

Now famine shews her meagre face,
And hunger makes him pine :
Could husks support, the wretch would fain
Have fed on husks with swine.

IV.

No friend he finds with tender words
To mitigate his grief :
No ear is open to his cries,
No hand to his relief.

V

Distress so great, O happy turn !
Awakes the serious thought :
The rebel long to reason lost
To his right mind is brought.

VI.

“ My father’s house has bread, he cries,
“ And bread there is to spare :
“ Why should I die? there still is hope
“ To get a servant’s share.

VII.

“ I will arise, without delay,
“ And to my father go :
“ Pity may touch a father’s heart
“ To see such depth of woe.

VIII.

“ Father, I’ll say, against kind heaven
“ I’ve sinn’d, and in thy sight :
“ The name of child I dare not use,
“ But beg a servant’s right.

IX.

Resolv’d he goes, when from afar
The father spies his son :

The father feels his bowels yearn,
Compassion makes him run.

X.

The starving wretch he views, and reads
Repentance in his face:
Around his neck he throws his arms,
And gives the fond embrace.

XI.

The son confesses, and with joy
The father hears his voice:
With kisses he the pardon seals,
And bids his child rejoice.

XII.

The servants, at their lord's command,
Now strip the wretch forlorn;
With the best robe they him array,
And with a ring adorn.

XIII.

A sumptuous feast the father makes,
And wine and joy go round:
Be glad, he cries, the dead now lives,
The son I lost is found.

XIV.

Such welcome shall all sinners find,
When they their errors mourn;
And from the dangerous paths of vice
To wisdom's ways return.

XV.

God hears well pleas'd their humble cry,
Their sins he will forgive:
Mercy to shew is his delight,
His sweet prerogative.

The

CXLVI. Common Metre.

The humble and grateful penitent.

I.

LORD, wast thou strict to mark our crimes
 What mortal flesh could stand?
 A guilty world must sink beneath
 The vengeance of thy hand.

II.

How many are the debts I owe?
 Increasing still each day;
 Ten thousand talents are thy due,
 And I have nought to pay.

III.

A contrite heart I would present
 To thee a sacrifice:
 A broken and a contrite heart
 Thou, Lord, wilt not despise:

IV.

My hope upon thy mercy rests,
 Which glories to forgive;
 Which freely pardons through thy son,
 And bids the mourner live.

V.

Great are my crimes, but not beyond
 Thy mercies wide extent:
 Thou never hast, or wilt reject
 One humble penitent.

VI.

Chear'd by the hopes of pard'ning grace,
 Let all my actions prove
 Thy mercy only can exceed
 The greatness of my love.

CXLVII. Common Metre.

The Pharisee and Publican. Luke xviii. 10-15.

I.

SEE how the haughty Pharisee
 Within the temple stands;
 To heaven with lofty eyes he looks,
 And lifts unhallow'd hands.

II.

No sins he owns, nor prays for grace,
 But boasts his righteousness,
 His stated fasts, his num'rous tithes,
 His merits in excess.

III.

Not so the humble Publican,
 With down-cast looks he stands;
 To heav'n he dares not lift his eyes,
 Or stretch his guilty hands.

IV.

Conscious he smites his wounded breast,
 And mercy is his cry;
 "Spare, gracious Lord, O spare, nor let
 "A mourning sinner die."

V.

To heaven his humble prayer ascends,
 And brings salvation down;
 But the vain boaster goes his way,
 Rejected with a frown.

VI.

Whilst like the Publican I stand,
 And feel the wound within;
 Shew mercy, Lord, forgive and cleanse
 My soul from ev'ry sin.

The

VII.

The humble mourner thou wilt hear,
 And give the promis'd grace :
 To honour thou shalt raise their names,
 But wilt the proud abase.

CXLVIII. Common Metre.

The parable of the wedding garment. Mat.
 xxii. 11—15.

I.

LISTEN my soul, the king of heaven
 Invites thee for his guest;
 No common food he bids thee eat,
 But gives a sacred feast.

II.

Not all the dainties earth can boast,
 Can such provision shew;
 The rich are welcom'd, and the poor
 The king will welcome too.

III.

Nor rank, nor birth will he regard,
 But 'tis th' internal dress;
 The inner man, full dress'd in all
 The robes of righteousness.

IV.

These nuptial robes, my soul put on
 And these for ever wear :
 With time they fade not, and by use
 They grow more heavenly fair.

V.

In these array'd with gracious eye
 The king shall thee survey;
 By him approv'd thou shalt rejoice
 In the decisive day.

But

VI.

But should'st thou want th' internal drefs,
 Thou hast an empty name;
 Struck dumb, thy silence more than words
 Shall tell thy guilt and shame.

VII.

“ Bind him in everlasting chains
 “ Of darkness and despair:”
 How after thy vain hopes wilt thou
 This dreadful sentence bear?

CXLIX. Long Metre.

Seeking the pearl of price. Mat. xiii. 45---46.

I.

IMmortal pearls! delightful sound!
 But where, O where shall these be found?
 What place beneath these lower skies
 Contains the rich and glitt'ring prize?

II.

In vain this earthly globe we trace,
 Or range thro' ether's ampler space;
 Base earth! such wealth thou ne'er didst see,
 Nor can it, air, be found in thee.

III.

'Tis the blest gospel's richer field
 Must this immortal treasure yield:
 Here glows the inexhausted mine,
 Where pearls and gems for ever shine.

IV.

Why should I then this world pursue
 For bliss creation ne'er can shew?
 Why seek I not this wealth divine
 When bid by heaven to make it mine?

Shall

V.

Shall groveling mortals toil and sweat
 Earth's mean and dubious wealth to get:
 And shall not I like ardor shew
 Who have a heaven of bliss in view?

VI.

Seek then, my soul, th' immortal prize,
 Whate'er it cost, and you'll be wise:
 'Tis dross you quit, delusive toys,
 For heaven's unmix'd substantial joys.

CL. Common Metre.

The rich fool surprized. Luke xii. 16--22.

I.

DELUDED souls! who think to find
 A solid bliss below:
 Bliss! the fair flower of Paradise,
 On earth can never grow.

II.

See how the foolish wretch is pleas'd
 T' increase his worldly store;
 Too scanty now he finds his barns,
 And sighs for room for more.

III.

"What shall I do?—distrest he cries,
 "This scheme will I pursue:
 "My scanty barns I will pull down,
 "And build them large and new.

IV.

"Here will I lay my fruits, and bid
 "My soul to take its ease:
 "Eat, drink, be glad, my lasting store
 "Shall give what joys I please."

Scarce

V.

Scarce had he spoke, when lo! from heaven
 Th' Almighty made reply :
 “ For whom dost thou provide, thou fool,
 “ This night thyself shalt die.”

VI.

Teach me, my God, all earthly joys
 Are but an empty dream ;
 And may I seek my bliss alone
 In thee the good supreme.

CLI. Common Metre.

The parable of the rich man and Lazarus.
 Luke xvi. 19—27.

I.

BEHOLD the vain voluptuous man
 In richest purple drest ;
 Sumptuous his fare from day to day,
 And soft his bed of rest.

II.

Wrapt in himself, his cruel hands
 Refuse the poor a part :
 Not virtue deep distress'd can touch
 His hard unfeeling heart.

III.

Behold the pious beggar laid
 Before the rich man's gate ;
 Hunger, disease and wounds unite
 To make his sorrows great.

IV.

To heav'n resign'd, he envies not
 The rich their useless store ;
 The crumbs that fell from lux'ry's board
 He asks, and craves no more.

The

V.

The dogs, as tho' by pity touch'd,
The helpless faint surround;
With balmy tongue these tend'rer brutes
Lick gently ev'ry wound.

VI.

But see! the mournful scene now shifts,
The pious beggar dies:
Angels swift bear his soul away
To worlds beyond the skies.

VII.

There, lodg'd in Abr'am's bosom, he
Enjoys a sweet repose:
From life's pure streams refresh'd he now
Forgets his former woes.

VIII.

The rich man dies, and hastes away
To hear his awful doom:
What then avails the pomp of death,
The honours of a tomb?

IX.

Snatch'd from his bliss, O sudden change!
How dreadful his surprize!
Too late from life's false dream he wakes,
In hell he lifts his eyes.

X.

In torments now to heaven he looks,
But looks and prays in vain:
One drop he asks to quench his tongue,
But can't that drop obtain.

XI.

Whatever, Lord, thy bounty gives,
A portion large or small:

Z

I would

I would not have my best things here,
And here receive my all.

XII.

O cutting thought! to shoot the gulf,

And view a distant heaven:

To see the bliss which I have lost

To pious beggars given!

XIII.

With Laz'rus rather may I be

With various griefs oppress'd:

But in good Abr'am's bosom find

At last a place of rest.

CLII. Common Metre.

Parable of the ten virgins. Mat. xxv. 1. &c.

I.

PREPARE, ye saints, to meet your Lord,
Nor sleep nor slumber more:

Bright be your lamps, your vessels fill'd

To feed the wasting store.

II.

He comes, he comes, may be the cry

In midnight's deepest gloom:

Should then our lamps be void of oil

How sad must be our doom?

III.

In vain, when 'tis too late, we seek

A fresh supply to get;

In vain, when once the door is shut

Our folly we regret.

IV.

Open, Lord, open we may cry,

But then can't move his heart:

I know

I know you not, the judge will say,
Depart, from me depart.

V.

Lord, for thy coming may I wait
With loins well girt about;
In heavenly virtues may I shine,
Nor let my lamp go out.

VI.

Then will the bridegroom me admit,
And own me for his friend:
My soul shall feast on heavenly love,
Nor shall the banquet end.

CLIII. Long Metre.

The Atheist reprov'd.

I.

BLUSH Atheists, blush, your airy schemes,
Your chance, and atoms are but dreams:
Science in vain you proudly boast,
In errors endless mazes lost.

II.

Nature survey, the mighty whole
From north to southern distant pole:
Heaven, earth and seas, and worlds of light
For ages hid from human sight.

III.

Say then, could chance this fabric rear
So great, so good, so wond'rous fair?
Could chance the heavenly bodies move,
And in strict order bid them rove?

IV.

Does chance the various seasons rule,
The blooming spring, the autumn cool?

Bid summer's heat enrich the year,
And winter pinch with frosts severe?

V.

Sways chance the empire of the main?
Can chance it's proudest waves restrain?
Command the senseless tides to flow?
Or teach the ebb it's hour to know?

VI.

What is all nature but design?
Her works, but skill and power divine?
The God we see in every form,
From the Arch-angel to the worm.

VII.

The wond'rous scale of beings view,
Their nice gradations close pursue :
Deny then, Sceptic, if you can
A proper place assign'd for man.

VIII.

Man know thyself, thy rank well know,
And pay the mighty debt you owe:
The God adore, who did inspire
Your frame with an immortal fire.

IX.

Man view thy soul, nor let it be
A slave when God would have it free:
Nor be it said that brutes obey,
Whilst man rejects his maker's sway.

CLIV. Common Metre.

Ingratitude lamented and resolved against.

GOD of my life, my heart inspire
The grateful song to raise;
Thy gifts all numbers far exceed,
And far transcend my praise. But

II.

But few returns to thee I've made
 For gifts each day renew'd:
 Day tells the night, and night the day
 Of my ingratitude.

III.

Ingratitude—that hellish crime,
 Henceforth would I detest:
 Nor let the sin of devils find
 A place within my breast.

IV.

Ne'er may I sink beneath the brutes,
 Which man their owner know:
 Ne'er may I taste thy gifts, and slight
 The source from whence they flow.

V.

Let stupid wretches thee forget,
 In whom they live and move;
 My song would speak a grateful heart,
 My life the song approve.

VI.

Whilst life, and breath remain, my God,
 Thy praises I'll repeat:
 And hope in better worlds to sing,
 Where praise shall be compleat.

CLV. Long Metre.

*Nazareth's ingratitude and stupidity; or Christ
 rejected in his own country. Mat. xiii. 53.*

I.

O Stupid Nazareth! not to see
 That heaven's best prophet dwelt in thee:
 Ungrateful city! beyond measure base!
 To scorn th' image of the father's grace.

Jesus

II.

Jefus had gifts for thee in ftore;
 And giving wifh'd to give thee more :
 Why then deny'd his hands relief ?
 O Naz'reth ! ask thy unbelief.

III.

Base crime ! 'tis thine to blind the mind,
 And make e'en goodnefs feem unkind :
 What good, curft fin, didft thou prevent
 To ftop the arm omnipotent ?

IV.

Let faithlefs Jews fhut faft their eyes,
 And all Mefiah's grace defpife :
 We in his humble form will own
 The king design'd for David's throne.

V.

Whence, bleffed Jefus, but from heaven
 Could wifdom fuch as thine be given ?
 And whence thy works of pow'r and love,
 But from that pow'r which rules above ?

VI.

Let Jews amaz'd infult with fcorn
 Poor Jofeph's fon, of Mary born :
 Thy higher birth we will record,
 Great David's fon, and greater Lord.

CLVI. Common Metre.

Human frailty bewailed.

I.

ALAS ! how faulty are the beft ?
 How weak the ftrongeft are ?
 Who has the wifdom every hour
 To fhun the fecret fnare ?

Dangers,

II.

Dangers, in distant prospect seen,
 How small do they appear ?
 Champions we seem but cowards prove
 Soon as the danger's near.

III.

Thus Peter in the trying hour
 His boasted courage lost :
 And knew vain man, alas ! too late
 His weakness to his cost.

IV.

Mark well my soul the dang'rous path
 Where e'en the saints have fell :
 Fly from the downward road, and know
 Its steps take hold of hell.

V.

In the strait path that leads to life
 Proceed with all thy care :
 Smooth as the broad way now may seem,
 There's nought but dangers there.

VI.

When dangers threaten, O my God !
 Preserve my soul from harm :
 No foe can hurt whilst I'm secur'd
 By an almighty arm.

CLVII. Common Metre.

The sluggard reprov'd and instructed. Prov.
 vi. 6.

I.

GO to the earth, it loudly speaks
 To every listening ear :
 Birds, beasts, and insects, teach dull man
 His maker to revere. Go

II.

Go to the ant, thou sluggard go,
 Her ways consider well :
 Her wisdom learn, so spake the king
 Whose wisdom did excell.

III.

Sagacious she without a guide
 By instinct only led ;
 Fearful of want, in harvest hours
 Provides her winter bread.

IV.

Scorn not thy little teacher, man,
 In wisdom great her size :
 But blush that bees, and emmets too,
 Thy folly should chastize.

V.

Ne'er be it said that toiling ants
 Lay up their stock of grain ;
 And man neglects his great concern,
 Eternal life to gain.

VI.

Arise my soul, and act thy part,
 Swift time will make no stay ;
 The winter hastes when you cant work,
 Be therefore wise to-day.

CLVIII. Common Metre.

*The sluggard instructed, second part : Or, the
 accepted time, and the day of salvation.*

I.

SEE how the little toiling ant
 Improves the harvest hours :
 Whilst summer lasts into her cells,
 The choicest grain she pours.

Learn

II.

Learn from her ways to act thy part :
 And mind each season well :
 Learn from her school the social arts,
 In goodness to excell.

III.

Whilst life remains, our harvest lasts ;
 But youth of life's the prime :
 Best is this season for our work,
 And this th' accepted time.

IV.

To-day attend, is wisdom's voice,
 To-morrow folly cries :
 And still to-morrow 'tis, when oh !
 To-day the sinner dies.

V.

Jesus now stands before the door,
 He knocks, he kindly speaks :
 Sinners be wise, this guest receive,
 Your happiness he seeks.

VI.

When conscience speaks its voice regard,
 And seize the tender hour :
 Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
 And God will give the power.

CLIX. Common Metre.

Wisdom's exhortation to youth. Eccl. xii. 1.

I.

YE younger tribes of Adam's race
 Attend to wisdom's voice :
 "Remember now your maker God,
 "And make his ways your choice."

A a

Know

II.

Know 'twas his hand that shap'd your clay,
 A human form to bear :
 His breath your nobler spirit gave,
 And stamp'd his image there.

III.

Each circling day to day declares
 In him ye live and move :
 He smiles upon your growing years,
 And crowns your lives with love.

IV.

His thousand thousand precious gifts
 Your daily thanks require :
 The homage of your lips he asks,
 Your heart he claims entire.

V.

Drawn by his love, without delay,
 To him your hearts resign :
 Time shall approve the act, and you
 Will ne'er the choice repine.

VI.

Thrice happy you, whose early steps
 Incline to wisdom's ways :
 God's favour shall your toils reward,
 And peace shall close your days.

CLX. Common Metre.

The excellency of divine wisdom, and her gifts.
 Prov. iii. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.

I.

WISDOM how beauteous is her form !
 How bright her features shine ?
 Ten thousand nameless charms are hers
 To speak her birth divine.

From

II.

From heaven to our mean earth she comes,
 And shews her smiling face :
 Her hands with choicest gifts she fills,
 To bless the human race.

III.

Immortal life, unfading joys,
 In her right hand she brings :
 Riches and honours grace her left,
 Beyond the state of kings.

IV.

Not gold, nor the bright sparkling gem,
 Can with her gifts compare :
 Compar'd with her the fine gold's dim,
 And gems no lustre wear.

V.

Happy the man whose feet incline
 To walk in wisdom's ways :
 Pleasure shall sweeten all the road,
 And peace shall end his days.

VI.

In brighter worlds beyond the skies,
 His bliss shall be compleat :
 There shall he pluck from life's fair tree,
 The fruits which angels eat.

CLXI. Common Metre.

The danger of procrastination. Prov. xxvii. 1.

Ecc. xii. 1. Jer. xiii. 23.

TO-DAY attend, ye sons of men,
 To wisdom's heavenly voice :
 Her counsels well shall guide your feet,
 And make your hearts rejoice.

II.

Say not ye will one day be wise,
 But now it is too soon :
 Know well, gay youth, thy fun may set,
 Before it sees a noon.

III.

O what is life! a span, a flower ;
 Whose morning beauties fade :
 A fleeting vapour-lost in air,
 The shadow of a shade.

IV.

Why then should frail and mortal man,
 On future years presume ?
 Man, whom an host of foes surround,
 To push him to the tomb.

V.

Few see the evil days of age,
 Those days of sore complaint :
 But still more rare the sinner old
 Becomes the aged saint.

VI.

When Æthiopians shall with speed
 Put off their darkest hue ;
 When hungry leopards quit their spots
 Nor more their prey pursue :

VII.

Then aged finners will in haste
 Desert the paths they trod ;
 And in the evening of their lives
 Devote themselves to God.

VIII.

Seize then, the present moments seize,
 Since time nor death will stay :
 Too late alas ! you will repent
 When you have lost your day.

The

CLXII. Short Metre.

The world's temptations. Mat. vii. 13, 14.

I.

PLAIN is the road, my God,
 That leads to thine abode;
 But thoughtless mortals chuse, alas!
 The broad and downward road.

II.

Flatter'd by pleasures lure
 They catch the glittering bait:
 Too late convinc'd they find the cheat,
 And mourn their wretched fate.

III.

Fools sway'd by sordid gain
 Their heaven and conscience sell:
 Gold is their God, and all their heaven
 To see their treasures swell.

IV.

At honour's shrine behold
 Th' aspiring son of fame;
 With heaven and conscience too he parts
 To get an empty name.

V.

Whilst others miss the way,
 Lord, teach me to beware:
 I would not venture once to walk
 Where I suspect a snare.

VI.

Into the paths of truth
 My steady foot-steps guide:
 Temptations then shall strive in vain
 To turn my feet aside.

The

CLXIII. Common Metre.

The difficulties and folly of sin. Prov. xiii. 15.

I.

UNHAPPY youth! whose steps no more
 The paths of virtue keep:
 What pains he feels 'till vice prevails
 To lull his fears asleep?

II.

How foolish is the sinner's part?
 What madness him excites?
 Against his conscience and his peace,
 Against himself he fights.

III.

Freedom he boasts, but is the slave
 Of each imperious lust:
 The serpent's curse is surely his
 To crawl and lick the dust.

IV.

Smooth as the paths of vice may seem
 The sinner's lot is hard:
 His pleasures have their stings and wrath
 Shall be his sure reward.

V.

When death has fix'd his awful doom
 He will alas! too late
 With unavailing tears and sighs
 Lament his hopeless state.

VI.

Ye sons of vice your toil forbear,
 Religion courts your choice:
 Easy my ways, the faith, and sweet,
 Hear, mortals, hear my voice.

Wisdom's

CLXIV. Common Metre.

*Wisdom's exhortation; or the sure and only way to
be rich, honourable and happy. Prov. viii. 18.*

I.

HEAR, mortals, hear, 'tis wisdom speaks,
With voice and looks divine:
To her who comes to make you blest
Both ear and heart incline.

II.

Behold her steps, how graceful each?
See heav'n in her bright eye:
"Embrace, she cries, my gifts embrace,
"For why should sinners die?"

III.

"Substantial riches I bestow,
"Which India cannot boast:
"Knowledge, whose fruits immortal grow,
"And shew a richer coast.

IV.

"Honour and pleasure, peace and joy,
"With liberal hands I give:
"Pleasures refin'd, that never cloy,
"And joys that ever live."

V.

Are these the blessings thou wilt give,
O wisdom, heavenly fair!
And shall I longer be content
To go without my share?

VI.

Most gracious God, fix thou my choice
In thee th' eternal All:
I'll be content, and let the Great
Divide this earthly ball.

CLXV. Common Metre.

The gospel invitation. Jsa. lv. 1, 2, 3.

I.

COME ye that thirst to living streams
 Where pleasure gently rolls:
 Come, and with streams divinely pure
 Refresh your wearied souls.

II.

Come, and the gospel's blessings share,
 Ye that with hunger pine:
 Here flow the streams, than milk more sweet,
 More rich than generous wine.

III.

Why should you lavish out your stores
 For that which is not bread?
 Why toil unsatisfy'd, and still
 The painful circle tread?

IV.

Hearken to me, faith grace divine,
 My choicest dainties eat:
 Come let your souls now take their fill
 Of my celestial meat.

V.

Hear, and obey my gracious laws,
 And ye shall never die:
 My cov'nant which shall ne'er be broke
 Shall all your wants supply.

VI.

This cov'nant David's royal son
 Has seal'd with his own blood:
 Pardon and peace flow sweetly down
 T' enrich the sacred flood.

Redemption

CLXVI. Common Metre.

Redemption by the precious blood of Christ.

1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

I.

Redemption! O blest news for man!
 Where shall the price be found?
 Search the wide world from east to west,
 Above, beneath the ground.

II.

Say, if the mines of rich Peru
 Conceal it from your eyes,
 You'll search earth's inmost bowels through
 'Till you obtain the prize?

III.

Yes, you may search, but search in vain,
 'Tis not, O earth, in thee:
 A world, and thousand worlds paid down
 Can't set one captive free.

IV.

Not gold, nor silver e'er releas'd
 A soul in fetters bound:
 New chains of guilt, alas! they forge,
 And darts that inward wound.

V.

The blood of Christ, that spotless lamb!
 Our wounds alone could cure:
 His precious blood alone redeem,
 And make our pardon sure.

VI.

Redeem'd, my Saviour, by thy blood,
 From sins, worst chains, set free;
 Not to myself I now must live,
 But live, my Lord, to thee.

B b

Invitation

CLXVII. Common Metre.

Invitation to the fountain of life. Rev. xxii. 17.

I.

COME, ye that thirst, to living springs,
 Whose waters ne'er decay:
 Ye drooping, fainting souls, come now,
 For why should ye delay?

II.

With broken cisterns, void of good,
 No more yourselves deceive:
 No springs, for healing virtues fam'd,
 Can dying souls relieve.

III.

See where th' immortal streams of truth
 In rich abundance flow:
 Drink, and be wise, come drink again,
 That wiser you may grow.

IV.

Not all the cordials nature boasts
 Such vigour can impart:
 These streams make even weakness strong,
 And glad the mourner's heart.

V.

Hark! 'tis the Spirit bids you come,
 The bride too joins his voice:
 Let him that hears return the sound,
 And make the happy choice.

VI.

Let every son of Adam come,
 For all is freely given:
 Whoever will may drink and live,
 Such is the grace of heaven.

CLXVIII. Long Metre.

*The promise of God's holy spirit; or an earthly
and heavenly parent compar'd. Luke xi. 13.*

I.

BEHOLD how parents bowels move,
And silent speak their tender love;
The child observes the father's eye,
And finds a quick and rich supply.

II.

What wretch so harden'd e'er was known
For bread to give the flinty stone?
Serpents for fish, whoever gave
To hungry children when they crave?

III.

Shall nature prompt the tender part,
And shew the father's inmost heart?
And shall not God his children mind,
A heavenly father be more kind?

IV.

Great as his power, so great his love,
Our praise, our highest thoughts above:
Love is his name, his nature too,
What will not love almighty do?

V.

This source, from whence all blessings flow,
Sends down his streams to all below:
He that so freely gave his son,
His spirit will refuse to none.

VI.

Light, life, and strength God will impart
To all who seek with humble heart:
The humble soul shall ne'er complain
He ask'd, and sought, and knock'd in vain.

CLXIX. Common Metre.

Desiring internal purity. Pf. li. 10.---xix. 12.

I.

SEARCHER of hearts ! thy piercing eye
 Pervades the shades of night :
 Whate'er I say, or do or think,
 Lies open to thy sight.

II.

Should an unworthy thought of thee
 Arise within my breast ;
 Ere I the vile intruder mark
 To thee 'tis manifest.

III.

Should I ne'er do my neighbour wrong
 But dare to wish him ill ;
 Th' injurious thought thou wilt resent,
 And hold me guilty still.

IV.

Should no foul words, or deeds unclean,
 My reputation spoil ;
 Yet would a wanton wish indulg'd
 My foolish heart defile.

V.

Teach me, O Lord, myself to know,
 Shew me each secret sin ;
 From all vain thoughts secure my soul,
 And make me pure within.

VI.

No more may wand'ring thoughts pollute,
 Thy day of sacred rest :
 Nor in my closet let them find
 A place within my breast.

With

VII.

With thoughts of thee, and things divine,
 Possess my heart each day :
 Fast bind my thoughts with cords of love,
 Nor let them dare to stray.

CLXX. Common Metre.

The christian race. 1 Cor. ix. 24.

I.

NOT for a fading crown we strive,
 Which antient champions wore ;
 Heavenly our race, and such the crown,
 To which our spirits soar.

II.

The world, the flesh must be deny'd,
 And Satan's wiles oppos'd :
 'Tis vain to think the conflict o'er
 'Till life itself is clos'd.

III.

Rouse, stupid man, stretch every nerve,
 And run th' appointed race :
 Each foe oppose, cast off the weight,
 That most retards thy pace.

IV.

With prying eye thy soul survey,
 It's secret mazes scan :
 Study thy faults, thy weakness too,
 Best knowledge this for man.

V.

Presume not on thy little strength,
 Suspect thy weaker part :
 The jealous watch, when danger's near,
 Will best secure the heart.

The

VI.

The christian hero nobly checks
 The rising thought of sin :
 The fire he quenches in the spark,
 Nor lets the flame begin.

VII.

He makes the sacred word his rule,
 And follows Christ his light :
 He brings down heavenly help by prayer,
 And keeps the prize in sight.

VIII.

Awake my soul, exert thy strength,
 To run this race divine :
 Hold on thy course, and then the prize,
 The mighty prize is thine.

CLXXI. Common Metre.

The christian life a pilgrimage. Heb. xi. 13.

I.

PILGRIMS and strangers on the earth,
 The saints have ever been :
 Happy those holy men who liv'd
 By faith of things unseen:

II.

Our journey through the desert lies,
 With thorns, with snares beset :
 Vain 'tis to think ourselves secure
 'Till we to Canaan get.

III.

What dang'rous foes are fleshly lusts ?
 How furiously they fight ?
 Depress the nobler mind to dust,
 To chains and endless night.

IV.

Rouse up my soul, good courage take,
 And thou shalt tread them down :
 Grace will the happy conquest give,
 And grace bestow the crown.

V.

Whoe'er would boast a pilgrim's name
 Must act the pilgrim's part ;
 In heaven his treasure must be laid,
 And there must be his heart.

VI.

O for a strong and lively faith,
 In endless joys to come ;
 Then would I joyful leave the world,
 To go to heaven my home !

CLXXII. Common Metre.

The children of this world wiser in their generation than the children of light. Luke xvi. 8.

I:

STRANGE ! that the children of this world,
 Who heaven's high favours slight,
 Should be more wise in their concerns
 Than children of the light.

II.

Blush, O ye sons of light, that you
 Should be so far outdone
 By those poor groveling souls that seek
 Their bliss beneath the sun.

III.

Mark how they keep their end in view,
 How well they lay their plan ;
 They watch each season, toil and sweat,
 And put forth all the man. Shall

IV.

Shall sense and passion move so strong
 To these inferior things ;
 And faith design'd to soar above
 So feebly stretch her wings ?

V.

Lord, raise my soul to things unseen,
 The joys at thy right hand :
 Let faith o'er sense the conquest make,
 And all my soul command.

VI.

Then shall the world with her false charms,
 No more delude my eyes :
 But wing'd with zeal I'll soar aloft
 To gain the heavenly prize.

CLXXIII. Long Metre.

The true and false christian. Rom. viii. 9.

I.

BOAST not ye nobles of the earth
 The honours of your higher birth ;
 The titles ye so fondly claim
 Are fleeting breath, an empty name.

II

I chuse my Saviour's name to bear,
 Christian---a name divinely fair !
 Can I but in this title shine,
 'Tis more than if the world was mine.

III.

Why should I want the pomp of state ?
 If I'm the Christian, I am great :
 Jesus, my master, will me own,
 And raise me to his heavenly throne.

But

IV.

But should I only have the name,
Such empty friends he will disclaim :
Saviour and Lord, in vain I cry,
Whilst in my life I him deny.

V.

His sacred image I must bear,
If in his blifs I wish to share :
Faith, hope, and zeal, will all be vain,
If Christ within me doth not reign.

VI.

Love, who pretends, yet disobeys,
His master with a kiss betrays :
Pretended friends, slaves to the flesh,
Make e'en his wounds to bleed afresh.

CLXXIV. Common Metre.

A living and a dead faith.

I.

NOT names, nor forms, nor modes of
faith,
Can make the faint indeed :
Impure the life, 'tis vain to boast
The soundness of our creed.

II.

Tho' gifts prophetick we possess,
And mighty works could do ;
Yet should our fleshly lusts prevail,
'Tis all but empty shew.

III.

When at the great decisive day,
The judge ascends his throne ;
Such worthless pleas he will reject,
Such friends will he disown.

IV.

The faith that triumphs at the last,
Is no cold lifeless thing;
To an immortal prize she soars,
And spreads her active wing.

V.

Truth, peace, and love, and righteousness,
Her charming offspring are;
Cleansing from lusts impure, she forms
The soul divinely fair.

VI.

Whate'er the world calls good or great,
Faith nobly can despise:
On earth no solid bliss she finds,
In heaven her treasure lies.

CLXXV. Common Metre.

God no respecter of persons. Job. xxxiv. 19.

I.

DECEIV'D by empty shews of bliss,
We bless the rich and great;
Fallacious rule! that measures men,
By title or estate.

II.

With eye impartial heaven's high king,
Surveys each human tribe:
No earthly pomp his eyes can charm,
Nor wealth his favour bribe.

III.

The rich and poor of equal clay,
His powerful hand did frame:
All souls are his, and him alike
Their common parent claim.

Riches

IV.

Riches and honours come from him,
 The sceptre and the crown :
 He lifts a shepherd to a throne,
 And thrusts a tyrant down.

V.

Not all the wealth the Indies boast,
 From pain and death can save :
 Beggars and nobles, slaves and kings
 Lie equal in the grave.

VI.

The righteous poor God ne'er forgets,
 He hears them when they cry :
 His eye shall guard, his gracious hand
 Their wants shall well supply.

VII.

Ye sons of men of high degree,
 Your great superior own :
 Praise him for all his gifts, and pay
 Your homage at his throne.

VIII.

Trust in the Lord, ye humble poor,
 And banish every fear :
 The God you serve will ne'er forsake
 The man of heart sincere.

CLXXVI. Long Metre.

*God's condescension ; or the living temple. Isa.
 lvii. 15.*

I.

THUS saith the high and holy one,
 I sit upon my lofty throne ;
 Invisible to mortal eye,
 I dwell in mine eternity.

II.

Yet heaven my presence shall not bound,
On earth my dwelling shall be found:
The humble heart, and the contrite
Is the abode of my delight.

III.

I bid the trembling mourner live,
To him my noblest joys I'll give:
My presence never shall depart
From men of pure and humble heart.

IV.

Prepare my heart most gracious God,
And there take up thy blest abode:
Form'd by thy own almighty hand,
I shall a living temple stand.

V.

With holy zeal would I remove,
Whatever thou canst not approve:
A temple from pollution free,
Will please a God of purity.

CLXXVII. Long Metre.

True honour. 1 Sam. ii. 30.

I.

HONOUR from blood let mortals claim,
Descent is but an empty name:
Mean is the man of highest birth,
Who has himself no real worth.

II.

'Tis virtue only can confer
Those honours which substantial are:
Virtue, who never scorns to dwell
In cottage low, or meaner cell.

The

III.

The humble soul how great is he ?
 Nobler than kings, his pedigree :
 Not born of flesh, nor mortal blood,
 An heir with Christ, a child of God.

IV.

He is the great, the truly brave,
 To no imperious lust a slave :
 Who can with nicest art controul
 The inward movements of his soul.

V.

A nobler empire he has far
 Than hero ever gain'd by war :
 He needs no empty breath of fame
 To sound to future times his name.

VI.

What though his name's unknown to men,
 'Tis wrote by an immortal pen ;
 In the fair book of life it shines,
 Nor time, nor death, shall raze those lines.

CLXXVIII. Short Metre.

*The saint's privileges, honour and duty ; or
 adopting grace. 1 John, iii. 1.--4.*

I.

WHAT wond'rous love is this ?
 Ye saints the grace admire ;
 Your father God calls you his sons,
 What more can you desire ?

II.

Each saint an heir of God,
 With Christ a fellow-heir :
 Not human, or angelick songs
 Can all the grace declare.

High

III.

High as the priv'lege is
 It doth not yet appear
 What glorious forms the sons of God
 Another day shall wear.

IV.

Drest in the robes of light,
 Like suns the saints shall shine:
 Compleat in glory they shall see
 Their Saviour all-divine.

V.

Yes, they shall see their king,
 In all his dazling light:
 Shall see---and find themselves transform'd
 By this most glorious fight.

VI.

Ye followers of the lamb,
 This blessed hope secure:
 Go on to purify within
 As Christ your head is pure.

VII.

When Christ your life appears
 In all his glittering rays,
 With him in glory ye shall shine,
 And ever sing his praise.

CLXXIX. Common Metre.

The sincere Christian checking his fears. Psal.
 xlii. 11.

I.

WHENCE, O my soul, thy gloomy fears,
 And why the inward smart?
 Can no physician then be found
 To heal a wounded heart?

'Tis

II.

'Tis guilt, alas! 'tis guilt I feel!

But why should I despair?

A contrite soul shall pardon find,

For mercy cries forbear.

III.

The blood of Christ, O sov'reign balm!

Shall heal the wound within:

His grace shall help me whilst I strive

To conquer every sin.

IV.

Why should the ills of human life

O'erwhelm with grief my soul?

Hope thou in God, his power and grace

Shall all thy fears controul.

V.

Whilst love and wisdom guide his hand,

Why should I dread the rod?

Blest stroke! that turns my wandering feet,

And brings them back to God.

VI.

Let friends forsake, and foes insult,

Let flesh and heart both fail;

God is my strength, and refuge still,

Then why should fears prevail?

CLXXX. Common Metre.

The same encouraged to trust in God. Isa. xl.

27, 28, &c.

I.

YE pious souls, o'erwhelm'd with woes,
Why should you ceaseless grieve?

Why say your God has quite forgot,

Or fear he can't relieve?

Have

II.

Have you not heard th' Eternal God,
 Who rules the world he made,
 Supports untir'd this mighty frame,
 Nor feels his strength decay'd?

III.

What wisdom can his schemes defeat?
 Who shall his thoughts explore?
 Not Angels can the wisdom grasp
 Their loftiest songs adore.

IV.

His mighty arm supports the weak,
 He cheers the fainting soul:
 His words the broken heart revive,
 And make the bruised whole.

V.

How weak the powers that nature boasts?
 Her blooming strength how small?
 Her youths in fullest vigour faint,
 Her strong ones bow and fall.

VI.

But those whose humble hope relies
 On God's almighty power
 Shall from his bounty find relief
 In the distressing hour.

VII.

Onward they go with growing strength,
 Like eagles soar on high;
 They run, but shall not tire or faint,
 For God, their God is nigh.

Strengthened

CLXXXI. Common Metre.

Strengthened by the grace that is in Christ Jesus.
2 Cor. xii. 9.

I.

KIND are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping faint;
“ My grace sufficient is for you,
“ Though nature’s powers may faint.

II.

“ My grace it’s glories shall display,
“ And make your griefs remove;
“ Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
“ Of boundless power and love.”

III.

When mighty floods of trouble join
To make a sea of grief;
Plead, O ye saints, his powerful name,
And prayer shall bring relief.

IV.

Let God but speak, the raging winds
And waves are hush’d to peace:
Speak, Lord, and at thy powerful word
The storm within shall cease.

V.

What tho’ my griefs are not remov’d,
Yet why should I despair?
Whilst my kind Saviour’s arms support
I can the burden bear.

VI.

Jesus, my Saviour, and my Lord,
’Tis good to trust thy name:
Thy pow’r, thy faithfulness and love
Will ever be the same.

D d

Weak

VII.

Weak as I am, yet through thy grace
 I can all things perform;
 And smiling triumph in thy name,
 Amidst the raging storm.

CLXXXII. Common Metre.

Doing all in the name of Christ. Col. iii. 17.

I.

CONSTRAIN'D, ye saints, by sacred love,
 To Christ your homage pay:
 How can he love who dares oppose
 The Saviour's gentle sway?

II.

What has not Jesus done for us?
 How free his blessings flow?
 To him ten thousand thanks, to him
 Our lives, our souls we owe.

III.

Jesus, in thy blest name we'll pray;
 In this our tongues shall plead:
 What favours can't thy name obtain
 In times of greatest need?

IV.

Thy name shall make the coward brave,
 The weak shall wonders do:
 The trembling saint by thee upheld
 Shall fight and conquer too.

V.

To thee are our best passions due,
 With all their purest flame:
 Our words and deeds must all conspire
 To glorify thy name.

VI.

So shall our common father hear
 The prayers our hearts indite :
 And every song of praise shall rise
 As incense in his sight.

CLXXXIII. Common Metre.

Not ashamed of Christ. Mark viii. 38. Luke
 ix. 26.

I.

A SHAM'D of Christ ! my soul disdains
 The mean ungen'rous thought :
 Shall I disown that friend whose blood
 For man salvation bought ?

II.

With the glad news of love and peace
 From heav'n to earth he came :
 For us endur'd the painful cross,
 For us despis'd the shame.

III.

At his command we must take up
 Our cross without delay :
 Our lives, and thousand lives of our's
 His love can ne'er repay.

IV.

The faithful suff'rer Jesus views
 With infinite delight :
 Their lives to him are dear, their deaths
 Are precious in his sight.

V.

To bear his name, his cross to bear,
 Our highest honour is :
 Who bravely suffers now for him
 Shall reign with him in bliss.

VI.

But should we in the evil day
 From our profession fly,
 Jesus the judge, before the world,
 The traitor will deny.

CLXXXIV. Short Metre.

Walking in Christ as we have received him.

Col. ii. 6.

I.

COME, ye that have receiv'd
 The Saviour, and the Lord;
 Come tread the steps mark'd out for you
 In his most holy word.

II.

Behold the Spirit shews
 The safe and happy way:
 Led by your wise unerring guide
 Your foot-steps shall not stray.

III.

Admit this guest within,
 There fan his holy fire;
 Quench not his flame, for he'll resent,
 And griev'd may soon retire.

IV.

The serpent and the dove,
 In sweetest friendship join:
 Thus shall your virtue be secur'd,
 And your profession shine.

V.

In the soft paths of love
 The Saviour's foot-steps trace:
 Amazing love! that bore a cross
 To save our ruin'd race.

The

VI.

The lamb of God pursue
 Where'er he leads the way:
 Like him to heaven's high will resign,
 Like him your God obey.

VII.

How blest is such a life?
 A life divinely new:
 Pleasure shall sweeten every toil,
 And endless joys ensue.

CLXXXV. Common Metre.

Religious cheerfulness. Prov. iii. 17.

I.

LET superstition's gloomy sons
 Religion's form deface;
 In her sweet looks the sons of truth
 Behold each heavenly grace.

II.

Not in a sable vest she's clad,
 But light's her brilliant robe:
 Her's 'tis to scatter peace and joy
 Throughout this earthly globe.

III.

My pious sons, she sweetly cries,
 Let all your hearts be glad:
 Dry up your tears, and smile with me,
 For why should saints be sad?

IV.

The sorrows which my rules prescribe
 Are but to heal the mind:
 Godly my sorrow, blest it's pain,
 For all is peace behind.

V.

Be of good cheer, the blood of Christ
Has your free pardon seal'd :

God is your father, and your friend,
Your refuge and your shield.

VI.

Let troubles rise, or death assail,

You have the best relief :

God will support when nature fails,
And heaven cure every grief.

VII.

Joyous proceed, and thus commend

My safe and pleasant ways :

Your heaven begun on earth shall fit
For endless joy and praise.

CLXXXVI. Common Metre.

*The sure anchor ; or hope entering within the
veil. Heb. vi. 19.*

I.

JESUS is gone within the veil

With his most precious blood :

All power in heaven he claims, and he
Will make each promise good.

II.

Behold at God's right-hand he sits,

(For faith can see him there)

High as his honours are he makes
The humblest saint his care.

III.

Ye holy souls, what should forbid

Your hopes to enter too :

The blest fore-runner will prepare
A place of rest for you.

Let

IV.

Let threat'ning clouds o'ercaſt the ſkies,
 And turn your day to night :
 Why ſhould ye fear whiſt faith darts down
 A ray of heavenly light.

V.

Tho' toſt upon a troubled ſea
 You have an anchor ſure :
 Hope firmly fix'd within the veil
 Shall well the ſoul ſecure.

VI.

Truſt your great pilot's matchleſs ſkill,
 His orders well perform ;
 He will preſerve, and you ſhall ſoon
 Ride out the dang'rous ſtorm.

VII.

Tempeſts and ſtorms can only rage
 Beneath theſe lower ſkies ;
 All peaceful is within the veil,
 And there your treasure lies.

CLXXXVII. Common Metre.

The ſtedfaſt Chriſtian's ſecurity. Rom. viii. 35.

I.

HE lives, the great Redeemer lives,
 Ye ſaints his name adore ;
 For you he died, for you he roſe
 And lives for ever more.

II.

Who from the love of God ſhall force
 The men of upright heart ?
 Who from their Saviour's kind embrace
 His faithful friends ſhall part ?

Shall

III.

Shall tribulation, or distress,
Or persecution's rod ?
Shall perils, famine, or the sword
Divide the saint from God ?

IV.

No—in all these th' heroick saint
Shall more than conqueror prove :
Immortal triumphs he shall sing,
Gain'd through his Saviour's love.

V.

Let earth, let all the powers of hell
In strongest league combine :
Who can the righteous hurt, secur'd
By love, by power divine ?

VI.

Nor height, nor depth, nor life, nor death,
Nor any foe beside ;
Shall from the love of God in Christ
The steadfast saint divide.

CLXXXVIII. Common Metre.

The christian warrior animated and crowned.
Eph. vi. 13.—19.

I.

BEHOLD the christian warrior march
Against his mighty foes ;
By his great captain led he fights,
And conquers as he goes.

II.

But first he puts his armour on,
By heaven all-gracious sent ;
Armour, which makes a feeble worm
Almost omnipotent.

With

III.

With truth unfeign'd, unspotted pure
 He ever girds his loins ;
 No girdle deck'd with gems and gold
 With such a lustre shines.

IV.

His heart with righteousness he guards,
 What breast-plate like to this ?
 A helmet too his head defends,
 The hope of heavenly bliss.

V.

Like the fam'd sons of might he girds
 His sword upon his thigh ;
 Sword of the spirit, word divine,
 What force can this defy ?

VI.

In vain the prince of darkness strives
 To give a mortal wound ;
 Quench'd by the shield of faith his darts
 Fall harmless to the ground.

VII.

Gird on my soul thy armour too,
 And for the fight prepare :
 Succours from heaven shall swift descend,
 Call'd down by fervent prayer.

VIII.

Stand fast in every evil day,
 Stand, and your foes defy :
 Victorious faith shall gain the field,
 And all your foes shall fly.

IX.

Fear not, your leader has subdued
 The powers of death and hell.
 Dying, he conquer'd all his foes,
 And triumph'd when he fell.

X.

See where he holds th' immortal palm,
 Whose leaves shall ne'er decay ;
 Fight on, and this shall grace thy brow,
 And all thy toils repay.

CLXXXIX. Common Metre.

The best legacy, or peace to be found in Christ.
 John xiv. 27.

I.

PEACE---'tis a word of heavenly sound,
 A legacy divine :
 This blessing Jesus left his friends,
 And bids me make it mine.

II.

With dreams of peace, alas ! how oft
 The world hath sooth'd my heart ?
 False flattering world, 'tis not in thee
 Such treasure to impart.

III.

That peace which heals all inward wounds,
 My saviour must bestow :
 This peace shall all my griefs remove,
 And make my joys o'erflow.

IV.

Blest Jesus ! may this peace of thine
 My soul for ever sway ;
 Then all that earth, and hell can do
 Shall little me dismay.

V.

Thee would I follow day by day,
 My guide, my conquering king ;
 Share in thy victories o'er the world,
 And all thy triumphs sing.

Rooted

VI.

Rooted in thee by faith and love,
 My soul to heaven shall rise ;
 And smile to see the storms that rage
 Beneath these lower skies.

VII.

So firmly fix'd on their own base,
 The mighty rocks remain ;
 In vain the noisy billows dash,
 And spend their rage in vain.

CXC. Common Metre.

The example of the saints. Heb. vi. 12.

I.

RISE, O my soul, pursue the path
 By antient heroes trod ;
 Ambitious view these holy men
 Who liv'd and walk'd with God.

II.

Tho' dead they speak in reason's ear,
 And in example live :
 Their faith and hope, and mighty deeds
 Still fresh instruction give.

III.

Say, by whose strength their feeble flesh,
 Such various toils sustain'd ;
 Say, by what means these heirs of grace,
 Immortal triumphs gain'd.

IV.

'Twas thro' the lamb's most precious blood,
 They conquer'd every foe ;
 And to his power and matchless grace
 Their crowns and honours owe.

V.

Warm'd by the love that fir'd their breasts
 We shall be heroes too :
 Inspir'd by equal faith and zeal,
 What wonders shall we do :

VI.

The world and flesh shall be deny'd,
 Nor shall we dread the cross ;
 Pleas'd that our future gains increase,
 By every present loss.

VII.

Lord, may I ever keep in view
 The patterns thou hast given ;
 And ne'er forsake the blessed path,
 Which led them safe to heaven.

CXCI. Long Metre.

*The memory of the just is blessed ; or the exploits
 of faith.* Heb. xi. 33, 34.

I.

BLEST is the mem'ry of the just,
 And sweet their slumbers in the dust,
 Tho' lost, long lost to mortal eye
 Their fame substantial ne'er shall die.

II.

In life's fair book the patriarch's live,
 Prophets and saints instruction give :
 Tho' dead, they speak the truth divine,
 And in example brightly shine.

III.

Tell the exploits their faith has done,
 The sufferings borne, the victories won ;
 The promises by faith obtain'd,
 And kingdoms to its empire gain'd.

'Twas

IV.

'Twas faith fast clos'd the lion's jaw,
And harmless made his dreadful paw;
Quench'd fiercest flames, escap'd the sword,
And to new life the dead restor'd.

V.

My soul, these antient worthies view,
Their faith, their love, their zeal pursue:
Warm'd by each word, and glorious deed,
In the same blessed road proceed.

VI.

Than conquerors more these heroes were,
And joyous now rich triumphs share:
Aspire my soul to their renown,
And thou shalt wear th' unfading crown.

CXCII. Common Metre.

Abel's faith and sacrifice. Heb. xi. 4.

IN outward forms and costly gifts
No true devotion lies;
The holy hand alone can bring
A pleasing sacrifice.

II.

See the two brothers bring their gifts,
And mark their altars well;
Abel in faith each victim kills,
And Abel's gifts excell.

III.

The envious Cain with rage beholds
* The bright approving signs;
The grateful odours mount the skies,
And Cain in vain repines.

What

* 'Tis probable fire came from heaven and consumed the sacrifice.

IV.

What tho' a cruel brother's hands,
 Blest faint ! thou could'st not fly ;
 Tho' short thy life, yet great thy fame,
 Thy faith shall never die.

V.

Thy faith still speaks, attend my soul,
 And hear it's charming voice ;
 Mark out the steps which Abel trod,
 And make his God thy choice.

VI.

Shake off thy sloth, with speed arise,
 Pursue the unseen good :
 Trust to a Saviour's sacrifice,
 More rich than Abel's blood.

CXCIH. Common Metre.

Enoch's faith and translation. Heb. xi. 5.

I.

THE wond'rous power of faith divine,
 In pious Enoch see ;
 By a new way he gains the shores
 Of immortality.

II.

Whilst Adam's other sons resign,
 With pain their feeble breath,
 He enters through the gates of bliss,
 Nor passes those of death.

III.

Blest faint ! how great was thy reward,
 Approv'd on earth below ;
 To heaven receiv'd the nearest way,
 Where seas of Joy o'erflow.

Learn

IV.

Learn, O my soul, to walk by faith
 In paths which Enoch trod ;
 His, be thy study, and delight,
 To please to walk with God.

V.

Then let death seize this mortal frame,
 I shall not fear its sting :
 To know myself approv'd will cause
 My dying lips to sing.

CXCIV. Common Metre.

Noah's faith and obedience rewarded. Heb. xi. 7.

I.

WHEN the whole earth became corrupt,
 And violence bore sway ;
 He must be nobly bold who dar'd
 His virtues to display.

II.

Such Noah was, he singly stands
 To plead the cause of God :
 The righteous preacher tells the world
 Of an approaching flood.

III.

Whilst sunk in lust, a sensual world
 Refuse his voice to hear ;
 In faith the preacher builds the ark,
 Aw'd by an holy fear.

IV.

Warn'd by his God, with pious haste
 He gathers all his store :
 At God's command he enters in,
 And God makes fast the door.

Now

V.

Now 'tis the black'ning clouds o'ercharg'd
 Pour down the load they bore :
 'Tis now the fountains of the deep
 Burst forth with hideous roar.

VI.

In vain poor mortals climb the hills,
 And mountains still more steep ;
 Each living tribe the swelling waves
 To swift destruction sweep.

VII.

But see on mounting waves high rais'd
 The ark majestic rides :
 The patriarch's faith secures its charge,
 And God the vessel guides.

VIII.

Thus in God's sight this righteous man
 Obtain'd the grace he sought ;
 And by his faith his num'rous sons
 Are still this lesson taught :

IX.

Fear God, his awful threats believe,
 Repent, in time be wise ;
 Then like the patriarch you'll be safe,
 When fears the world surprize.

CXCIV. Common Metre.

Abraham's Faith and obedience. Heb. xi. 8, 9,
 17, 18, 19.

I.

BLEST is the man whose humble faith
 In God unshaken stands :
 He loves to know his maker's will,
 And waits for his commands.

Thus

II.

Thus Abr'am heard the voice divine,
 And hasten'd to obey :
 At once he leaves his native soil
 Impatient of delay.

III.

The promis'd land to him unknown,
 The dangers all untried ;
 Yet Abr'am fearless marches on
 With providence his guide.

IV.

Let wither'd age the hope forbid,
 To see the promis'd heir ;
 His steady faith not once admits
 The shadow of despair.

V.

Affur'd a God of truth would ne'er
 From his own word depart ;
 His aged arms, his Isaac clasp
 Whilst joy o'erflows his heart.

VI.

But must the saint with his own hands,
 His dearest Isaac slay ?
 'Twas but for God to speak the word,
 And Abra'm will obey.

VII.

Not nature, with her tend'rest pleas,
 His steady hand restrains ;
 Faith makes him deaf to nature's voice,
 And faith the victory gains.

VIII.

But how should God his promise keep,
 And where the num'rous seed ?
 What room for hope if this dear son
 Must on the altar bleed ?

IX.

The mighty question faith resolves,
 By truest reas'nings led :
 Let Isaac die, he trusts his God
 Will raise him from the dead.

X.

The promise with the strange command,
 Thus Abr'am reconcil'd :
 The father's faith God now approves,
 And spares the lovely child.

XI.

Lord may our faith those steps pursue
 Which faithful Abr'am trod ;
 Thus shall we be great Abr'am's sons,
 And nam'd the friends of God.

CXCVI. Common Metre:

Moses's Choice, or the triumphs of faith. Heb.
 xi. 24, 25.

I.

WHEN in the clearer light of faith,
 We look on things below ;
 Riches and honours, crowns and courts,
 Are all but empty show,

II.

This Moses knew, and nobly scorn'd
 The glittering baits of sin :
 Not Pharaoh's crown could gain his heart,
 For faith prevail'd within.

III.

O noble faith ! that treads on crowns,
 And glories in a cross :
 That finds and boasts her highest gains,
 Where others mourn a loss.

IV.

Be gone, ye false delights, she cries,
 Ye smile to wound more deep :
 My peace, my hopes, my heaven, my God
 I cannot sell so cheap.

V.

Welcome the cross my Saviour bore,
 Let men condemn my choice :
 It is enough, my God approves,
 And bids my heart rejoice.

CXCVII. Common Metre.

Christian moderation ; or the saint indeed. Phil.
 iv. 5.

I.

HAPPY the man whose cautious steps
 Still keep the golden mean:
 Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
 Declares a conscience clean.

II.

Not of himself he highly thinks,
 Nor acts the boaster's part:
 His modest tongue the language speaks
 Of his still humbler heart.

III.

Not in base scandal's arts he deals
 For truth dwells in his breast:
 With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,
 And thinks, and hopes the best.

IV.

What blessings bounteous heaven bestows
 He takes with thankful heart:
 With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,
 And gives the poor a part.

V.

To sect or party his large soul
 Disdains to be confin'd:
 The good he loves of every name,
 And prays for all mankind.

VI.

Pure is his zeal, the offspring fair
 Of truth and heavenly love:
 The bigot's rage can never dwell
 Where rests the peaceful dove.

VII.

His business is to keep his heart,
 Each passion to controul;
 Nobly ambitious well to rule
 The empire of his soul.

VIII.

Not on the world his heart is set,
 His treasure is above:
 Nothing beneath the sov'reign good
 Can claim his highest love.

CXCVIII. Common Metre.

Contentment a divine art. Phil. iv. 11, 1 Tim.
 vi. 6.

I.

CONTENTMENT—'tis that art divine
 Which makes us rich and great:
 Great, without pow'rs imperial sway,
 And rich without estate.

II.

Sweet balm of life, cordial refin'd,
 Fair plant of heavenly soil:
 Soft soother of our anxious cares,
 Blest sweet'ner of our toil.

But

III.

But where, O where, resides this guest?
 With nobles, or with kings?
 Swift flies the heavenly form from thrones,
 And crowns those meaner things.

IV.

Where truth and virtue fix their seat
 In cottage mean, or cell;
 There this kind Angel shews his face,
 And there delights to dwell.

V.

Content—ingredient prime and sweet
 In heaven's consummate bliss!
 'Tis thine to make a lesser heav'n
 In such a world as this.

VI.

Lord, may I learn this blessed art,
 And now my heaven begin:
 Or rich, or poor I must be blest
 Who have my heaven within.

CXCIX. Common Metre.

*Going on unto perfection; or progress in religion
 the Christian's duty. Heb. vi. 1.*

I.

A WAKE, my soul, cast off thy sloth,
 Drop each incumb'ring load:
 Exert thy strength, and all thy powers
 To run the heavenly road.

II

Perfection be thy aim, to this
 Thy willing foot-steps bend;
 To this let all thy words and thoughts,
 And every action tend.

III.

Won by the charms of heavenly truth

In wisdom daily grow:

Learn more of God, his ways, his works,

And learn thyself to know.

IV.

To that celestial faith aspire

Which purifies the heart:

Brings future objects near our view,

And bids the world depart.

V.

Let love her full possession take;

Unwearied feed the flame;

This purest fire shall cleanse the soul,

And all it's passions tame.

VI.

By every bright example led,

Pursue the heavenly way:

Sweet pleasure shall the road beguile,

And heaven the toil repay.

CC. Common Metre.

**Human life survey'd:*

I.

WELL---'tis a dull and tedious round
Which we poor mortals tread;

To eat and drink, to toil and sleep,

To rise and go to-bed.

II.

To be still vex'd by joys delay'd,

Or by fruition cloy'd;

To be deceiv'd, and find the cheat,

And still to be decoy'd.

* See Norris's miscellanies, page 34.

To

III.

To sweat and pant quite out of breath
Spent in the fruitless chace;
Yet still from day to day run on,
And ever lose the race.

IV.

To taste the meaner joys we fought,
But find no true content;
And when these transient joys depart
Their absence to lament.

V.

Can this be life, which to enjoy
We wish for longer breath?
Shall we such life a blessing call,
And dread the name of death?

VI.

Life, sure in wisdom's sacred style,
Is a diviner thing;
It's source is not from earth, but flows
From a celestial spring.

VII.

To love and fear thy name, my God,
And do thy holy will;
This life of angels and of saints
Shall my best hopes fulfill.

CCI. Common Metre.

No rest on earth. Micah ii. 10.

I.

WHAT rest on earth? O empty dream!
Disdain my soul the sound:
How can the fruits of Eden grow
Where sin has curs'd the ground?

Now

II.

Now anxious cares our breasts possess,
 And now presaging fears:
 Man labours, toils, and sweats for bread,
 And eats that bread in tears.

III.

Diseases now, a ghastly band,
 Our feeble flesh invade;
 For brisk attack prepar'd, or form'd
 To lurk in ambushade.

IV.

Sometimes an inward wound we feel,
 Th' invenom'd darts of sin;
 Guilt wracks the soul, no pains like those
 That rise from wounds within.

V.

Mix'd are the joys of human life,
 Each pleasure has it's pain;
 Soon pass our brighter hours away,
 And grief assails again.

VI.

Thus through a wat'ry cloud the sun
 Shines forth with feeble ray;
 But soon a darker cloud conceals
 Th' illustrious Lord of Day.

CCII. Common Metre.

The conversation of Christians an heavenly one.
 Phil. iii. 20.

I.

FOrsake, my soul, this meaner earth,
 And rise to things above:
 There's nought below the circling sun
 Can claim thy highest love.

How

II.

How great, ye saints, your honours are?
 How rich the priv'lege given?
 A child of God, an heir with Christ,
 A citizen of heaven.

III.

What glorious objects you invite,
 Unseen by mortal eye?
 Faith can discern where sense is blind,
 And bring these glories nigh.

IV.

Spread all thy wings, my soul, and mount
 To God supremely blest:
 His nearer beams shall thee transform,
 And leave the God imprest.

V.

Behold the blessed Jesus too,
 What forms of love he wears?
 Hark! for he pleads before the throne,
 And offers up our prayers.

VI.

See where the holy angels stand
 Around the glittering throne:
 Study their purer language well,
 And make their songs thine own.

VII.

But Lord, how weak, how frail am I?
 How languid is my love?
 I need thy quick'ning grace to raise
 My soul to things above.

VIII.

By thee inspir'd my longing soul
 Shall upwards take her flight;
 There converse with the things unseen
 'Till faith is turn'd to sight.

A wounded conscience an insupportable burden.

Prov. xviii. 14.

I.

LET nature feel some deeper wound,
And sighing tell her smart;
Yet small her griefs compar'd to his,
Who feels a wounded heart.

II.

O who can tell how fore a plague
A wounded spirit is?
Not all that mortal flesh can bear
Can ever equal this.

III.

Courage supports the brave in woe,
Still lessening every grief:
And sorrowing saints fly to their God,
And find a sure relief.

IV.

But who that feels the wounds of guilt,
Can slight th' invenom'd dart?
Who can support the quiv'ring shaft
That rends his inmost heart?

V.

The hero who in fields of war
Did thousand deaths defy;
By guilt assaulted on his bed
Finds all his courage die.

VI.

'Tis guilt makes cowards of us all,
Gives death his pointed sting:
Than scourge more deep it wounds the slave,
And wounds alike the king.

The

VII.

The sharpest pains frail flesh can feel,
 Lord, I would rather bear:
 Than overwhelm'd with conscious guilt
 Of pard'ning grace despair.

VIII.

O purge my soul from every stain,
 And heal my inward wounds:
 Thou wilt forgive, let men repent,
 For pard'ning grace abounds.

CCIV. Common Metre.

The pleasures of a good conscience. 2 Cor. i. 12.

I.

HAPPY, thrice happy is the man!
 Who keeps his conscience clear:
 Who feels no secret stings of guilt,
 Or smarting lash of fear.

II.

His words, fair image of his mind,
 His inmost heart express:
 Truth gives them their substantial weight,
 Simplicity their dress.

III.

He nobly scorns the wicked arts
 Of flattery and deceit:
 No secret bribe can tempt his heart
 To frame a lie or cheat.

IV.

No laws he needs to make him just,
 Because his heart is right:
 His Saviour's golden rule he keeps
 For ever in his sight.

V.

His God he sets before his face,
 And serves with fear and love:
 He seeks no empty praise of men,
 Content if God approve.

VI.

Let storms and tempests rage without,
 He has a calm within:
 The blood of Christ his Lord he hopes
 Has cleans'd away his sin.

VII.

Should scandal dart her forked tongue,
 And all her poison vent;
 Malice can't rob him of the bliss
 To know he's innocent.

VIII.

May conscience, Lord, in my last hours
 Give an approving voice:
 I'll be content to leave the world,
 And dying will rejoice.

CCV. Common Metre.

Blessed are the poor in spirit. Mat. v. 3.

I.

LET a gay thoughtless world despise
 The men of heart contrite;
 Jesus the poor in spirit owns,
 And views them with delight.

II.

His sacred lips pronounce them blest,
 His arms the men embrace:
 The image of his own meek heart,
 His eyes with pleasure trace.

God

III.

God will regard their humble cries,
 Their groans he never slight's ;
 A broken heart's the sacrifice
 In which his soul delights.

IV.

Amidst perplexing mazes where
 Poor mortals go astray ;
 His beams of heavenly light shall guide,
 And cheer them in their way.

V.

The humble heart he will revive,
 And this his temple make :
 Here will he dwell, nor ever will
 The hallow'd place forsake.

VI.

But who shall tell the greater bliss,
 For them reserv'd in store ?
 The heavenly kingdom they shall share,
 And reign for evermore.

CCVI. Common Metre,

The God of peace.

I.

THE God of peace---my soul admire
 The sweet delightful name ;
 The words which joyful angels sing
 Let mortal tongues proclaim.

II.

Unask'd he fought the rebel man,
 Who fled his maker's face :
 Pity asswag'd his wrath, and turn'd
 The vengeance into grace.

His

III.

His only son, the promis'd seed,
 For us was freely given :
 To earth he came, and bled and dy'd,
 To make our peace with heaven.

IV.

Sinners accept the offer'd peace,
 Repent and ye shall live :
 He that so freely gave his son,
 Will your full pardon give.

V

The contrite heart he will revive,
 And calm the troubled soul :
 One gracious word of his shall make
 The wounded spirit whole.

VI.

Thou God of peace ! dispel my fears,
 And sooth my griefs to rest :
 Not the whole world, or thousand worlds,
 Can make me half so blest.

VII.

Let storms and tempests rage without,
 I shall have peace within :
 Whilst my own heart its witness bears,
 I hate the thought of sin.

CCVII. Common Metre.

*No condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus
 who walk not after the flesh, but after the
 spirit. Rom. viii. 1, 2.*

I.

LET not the humble saint despair,
 Who walks in pious ways ;
 Who shuns the course the flesh approves,
 And with delight obeys. The

II.

The living principle within
 Controuls each sensual lust :
 His nobler mind with scorn disdains
 To grovel in the dust.

III.

Justice and truth, with love combin'd,
 His words and actions guide :
 A foe to every brutal lust,
 To envy, wrath, and pride.

IV.

He guards his thoughts with watchful eye,
 Aw'd by an holy fear :
 His business and delight it is
 To keep his conscience clear.

V.

His faith in Christ transforms his soul,
 And purifies within :
 The law of life has made him free
 From that of death and sin.

VI.

No condemnation need he fear,
 For God doth him approve ;
 Who from the men of heart sincere,
 His love will ne'er remove.

CCVIII. Long Metre.

The happiness of the pardon'd soul. Ps. xxxii. 1.

I.

PARDON, O sweet reviving word !
 What sound can greater joys afford ?
 Ye contrite souls your tears forbear,
 For know that mercy loves to spare.

Why

II.

Why should your hearts give way to fear,
 When Jesus cries be of good cheer?
 My blood shall purge your guilt away,
 My pard'ning grace it's power display.

III.

Think, O my soul, how blest is he,
 Whom God forgives, and Christ makes free:
 Whose pleasing hope of pardon'd sin,
 Creates a heavenly calm within.

IV.

Let mighty hosts the saint surround,
 Stedfast in faith he keeps his ground:
 Hell's utmost rage he may deride,
 Who has th' Almighty on his side.

V.

Let spiteful foes his faults enlarge,
 And former crimes lay to his charge;
 It is enough,---if God acquits,
 And all his former sins forgets.

VI.

Who shall condemn the pious race?
 Safely they trust the Saviour's grace:
 His death, his life shall well secure
 The men whose hearts and lives are pure.

CCIX. Long Metre.

The excellency of Charity. 1 Cor. xiii.

I.

WERE all the tongues of men mine own,
 And Angels nobler tongues well
 known;
 Yet did not love within me dwell,
 Cymbals of brass might sound as well.

What

II.

What though I saw with clearest view
 Each prophecy and mystery too :
 Tho' my strong faith could mountains move,
 Still I am nothing without love.

III.

Should I exhaust my worldly store,
 To cloath and feed the needy poor ;
 Should I amidst the flames expire,
 And thus a martyr's fame acquire :

IV.

Yet would these mighty things be vain
 If love within did not constrain :
 A love whose rise is not from earth,
 But of an high, an heavenly birth.

V.

From God it comes, the source of love,
 And mounts again to him above :
 From his example learns to soar,
 And lives when faith, when hope's no more.

CCX. Long Metre.

The properties of charity. 1 Cor. xiii. 4, &c.

I.

O For a tongue like those above
 To sing the praise of sacred love !
 To make the world her charms admire,
 And warm their breasts with heavenly fire.

II.

She suffers long, to wrath is slow,
 And patient bears th' injurious blow :
 Well-pleas'd her blessings she bestows,
 For greater joy she hardly knows.

H h

She

III.

She envies not the rich and great,
The pomp and power of high estate ;
Tho' mean and humble is her seat,
Contentment makes her little sweet.

IV.

She ne'er is swell'd with empty pride,
But modest strives her charms to hide :
Gives up her humour, gains and ease,
To profit others or to please.

V.

Her speech so graceful is, and mien,
Nothing indecent can be seen :
She neither evil doth devize,
Or cares the evil to surmize.

VI.

In others crimes she can't delight,
But hates that cruel hellish spite :
Griev'd to observe her neighbour frail,
She hides the fault beneath her veil.

VII.

To truth she always lends an ear,
And joyful smiles the truth to hear :
The candid plea she will suggest,
Will think, believe, and hope the best.

VIII.

Let num'rous obstacles oppose,
Onward in her fair course she goes ;
She labours still tho' oft withstood,
To conquer evil with the good.

IX.

When tongues and prophecies shall fail,
And knowledge be of no avail ;
When faith and hope to sight resign,
Immortal love shall brightest shine.

False

False and true Zeal.

ZEAL, 'tis a sweet and charming name,
 Inspir'd by truth and love :
 'Tis the pure flame that angels feel,
 In the blest worlds above.

II.

But zeal that rages in the dark,
 Is no angelick flame :
 False zeal a cruel fury is
 From hell the monster came.

III.

Her eyes dart terror, and her hands
 Are dy'd with human gore :
 Drunk with the blood of slaughter'd saints,
 She thirsts, and gapes for more.

IV.

Not such my Saviour was thy zeal,
 No blood thy hands did spill :
 'Twas thy delight to bless mankind,
 And do thy father's will.

V.

Blest Jesus ! Prince of peace, inspire
 My soul with love divine :
 So shall my breast for ever glow,
 With such a zeal as thine.

CCXII. Common Metre.

The fiery disciples rebuked. Luke ix. 54, &c.

STRANGE ! O my Saviour, that blind zeal,
 Should e'er thy friends inspire :
 That breasts where love should ever flame,
 Should burn with such a fire.

II.

We see thy sons of thunder blaze,
With light'ning's dreadful power ;
Samaria's rude and churlish sons,
Impatient to devour.

III.

“ Speak Lord, and instant we'll command,
“ From heaven the vengeful flame ;
“ Elijah thus consum'd his foes,
“ And we would do the same.”

IV.

Well, meekest Jesus ! might'st thou turn,
And check this fiery zeal :
Whilst sweetest accents from thy lips
Thy love to men reveal.

V.

“ Ye zealots to yourselves most blind,
“ Produce what pleas ye will ;
“ Ye know not what this spirit is,
“ That leads you thus to kill.

VI.

“ Know that I came not here below,
“ To kill and to destroy ;
“ To save men's lives was my design,
“ And this my sweet employ.

VII.

“ Go learn of me, be meek and mild,
“ This wisdom's from above :
“ Know that the law, and gospel too,
“ Are both fulfill'd by love.”

Resignation

Resignation under afflictive providences. Luke
xxii. 42.

* COMPLAINTS be gone, ye all are vain ;
Ye serve but to increase my pain :
Why should I faint beneath the rod,
When chasten'd by a faithful God ?

II.

I'll trust my great physician's skill,
What he prescribes can ne'er be ill :
If heavier griefs I should endure
He only wounds to make a cure.

III.

Tho' wounded in a tender part,
That pain is good which heals the heart :
Purg'd from my sins, I shall approve,
My heavenly father's chastning love.

IV.

Tho' clouds, my God, thy throne surround,
Still good and wise thou wilt be found :
Should all I prize on earth be gone,
I still will say thy will be done.

V.

Whate'er I call'd my own was thine,
'Tis but thy own which I resign :
'Tis fit to give my all to thee,
Who gav'st thy only son for me.

VI.

He left the purer joys above,
Emptied of all but of his love ;
In mortal form resign'd his breath,
To save my soul from endless death.

* See Norris's miscellanies, p. 87.

CCXIV. Long Metre.

*All things work together for good to them that
love God. Rom. viii. 28.*

I.

NOT from relentless fate's dark womb,
Or from the dust our troubles come ;
No fickle chance presides o'er grief,
To cause the pain, or send relief.

II.

Look up, and see ye sorrowing saints,
The cause and cure of your complaints ;
Know 'tis your heavenly father's will,
Bid every murmur then be still.

III.

He sees we need the painful yoke,
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke :
He takes no pleasure in our smart,
But wounds to heal, and chear the heart.

IV.

Blest trials those that cleanse from sin,
And make the soul all pure within :
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys,
To seek and taste celestial joys.

V.

So artists melt the precious oar,
And from the dross the metal pour :
The fire has but the mass refin'd,
And left the worthless dross behind.

VI.

Ye saints that love and serve the Lord,
In all your griefs fly to his word :
Why should ye faint beneath his rod,
Who know that all shall work for Good ?

The

CCXV. Common Metre.

The benefit of afflictions. Ps. cxix. 71.

I.

SWEET fruits afflictions bring like those
That grew on Aaron's rod ;
To him that bears them with a mind
Which speaks a child of God.

II.

He sees his heavenly father's hand,
And lifts his eyes above:
Humbly he bows beneath the rod
Whose every stroke is love.

III.

Faith by the trial is improv'd,
Like gold is more refin'd:
Hope looks within the veil, and leaves
All mortal things behind.

IV.

The peaceful fruits of righteousness
Compensate all his pain:
His losses whilst they make him poor
Increase his better gain.

V.

When sorrows like a storm assail
He bends and bears the blast:
Stronger by weakness he becomes,
And shaken stands more fast.

VI.

So the weak reed by yielding stands
Secure from every harm:
Whilst the tall cedar which resists
Falls by the mighty storm.

The

The frailty of life; or the divine art of numbering our days. Psal. xc. 12.

I.

WHAT can we find beneath the sun
More frail than mortal man?
The measure of his days how short?
A hand's-breadth or a span?

II.

In youthful life he springs like flowers,
The pride of blooming May;
But blasted soon reclines the head,
And all his charms decay.

III.

How swift before the sun's bright beams
The morning vapour flies?
Such is his life, he just appears,
Then groans and gasps and dies.

IV.

Then why should such frail mortals boast
Of years, and years to come?
In folly spend their fleeting days,
Unmindful of the tomb.

V.

Why should the soul, th' immortal part,
Be thought beneath our care?
The soul, whose loss a thousand worlds
Tho' given, could not repair.

VI.

Teach us, good Lord, by wisdom's rules
To number well each day:
Our wisdom this, this our support
When flesh and heart decay.

CCXVII. Common Metre.

A meditation on death.

I.

QUIT, O my soul, thy earthly cares
 To think a while on death;
 Bring near the time when thou shalt draw
 Thy last and feeblest breath.

II.

Fond of this body as thou art
 Thou must this partner leave:
 Indulgent heaven so often kind
 No longer will relieve.

III.

No tears of friends shall then avail,
 Nor the physician's skill:
 The purple tide of life must stop,
 And every pulse be still.

IV.

Earth to it's parent earth must turn,
 Nor is the doom unjust;
 Sin that defiles this earthly frame
 Consigns it to the dust.

V.

Must I then leave this world behind
 When my short race is run?
 No more converse with ought that's found
 Beneath the circling sun?

VI.

And must this soul of mine survive
 The ruins of this clay?
 Must it to new and unknown worlds
 Swift wing it's doubtful way?

VII.

Then fit me, Lord, for that great change
 I know must soon ensue:
 For death prepar'd, my change must be
 As blest to me as new.

CCXVIII. Common Metre.

The doubtful prospect.

I.

WHY should I be so very fond
 Of this mean house of clay?

Why when it totters do I wish
 To make a longer stay?

II.

In prison, and in fetters too
 How often I complain?

Yet start at death, and rather chuse
 To drag the galling chain.

III.

How will it fare with my poor soul
 In great suspense I say;

When it to new and unknown worlds
 Must wing it's doubtful way?

IV.

The road of death to me unknown,
 Untried it's gloomy vale:

My guilty fears o'erpower my faith,
 And hope doth almost fail.

V.

But has not Jesus trod this road,
 And triumph'd over death?

Can't Jesus chear when nature yields
 Her last and weakest breath?

Yes,

VI.

Yes, my redeemer can support
 When flesh and heart shall fail :
 His faithful servants he will guide
 Through death's most gloomy vale.

VII.

O could I daily live like him,
 Then guilt would not dismay !
 Unmov'd I would my summons hear,
 And joyous drop my clay.

CCXIX. Common Metre.

Death unavoidable. Ecc. viii. 8.

I.

IT must be so—'tis heaven's decree
 That guilty man must die :
 The rich; the poor, the king, the slave
 In dust must equal lie.

II.

Who can by art find out the means
 His spirit to detain ?
 Med'cine, by death subdued, must own
 Her boasted powers but vain.

III.

The tyrant death what gifts can bribe,
 His brother who redeem ?
 Not silver can the tyrant charm,
 Nor gold will he esteem.

IV.

In this last war there's no discharge,
 Nor tears, nor prayers can save ;
 Not goodness, celestial form,
 Can rescue from the grave.

V.

Well—and my turn will surely come,
 My race will soon be run :
 My eyes in darkness clos'd no more
 Shall see th' enlivening sun.

VI.

Come let me then converse with death
 From which I cannot fly :
 'Till life's best lesson I have learnt
 The happy art to die.

VII.

Dead to the world, and dead to sin
 What should dismay my heart ?
 Faith tells me even death is mine,
 And bids my fears depart.

CCXX. Common Metre.

Victory over death thro' Christ. Cor. xv. 55,
 56, 57.

I.

WHence, O my soul, the dread of death?
 Why chills this word my heart ?
 Is this the cause, that I must soon
 With this dear body part ?

II.

Is this vain world my best estate ?
 Can I no happier find ?
 Are there no treasures but the dross
 The worldling leaves behind ?

III.

Oh 'tis the cruel tyrant guilt
 Creates the inward dread !
 Guilt which o'erclouds our joyous hours,
 And strikes our comforts dead.

Hence

IV.

Hence death his sharpest sting derives,
 And hence the painful wound;
 Fatal to man had not kind heaven
 A cure most sov'reign found.

V.

Behold a law, to life ordain'd,
 Now gives us no relief;
 Strengthen'd by sin it deeper wounds,
 And heightens every grief.

VI.

By sighs and flowing tears unmov'd,
 Deaf to each melting word;
 The law in dreadful thunder speaks
 The terrors of the Lord.

VII.

But hark! the gospel speaks, I hear
 It's soft, melodious voice;
 "Despair not, humble souls, but look
 "To Jesus and rejoice.

VIII.

"Jesus the law has well fulfill'd,
 "And he it's curse did bear:
 "Repentance God will now accept,
 "For mercy loves to spare.

IX.

"Jesus deprives the tyrant death,
 "Of his envenom'd sting:
 "Dying, he vanquish'd death, and rose
 "The conqueror and the king.

X.

"The saints thro' Christ shall conquer too
 "Now he has left the dead:

They

“ They fall, but they shall rise again,
 “ And triumph with their head.

XI.

“ Thanks be to God who thro’ his son
 “ The blessed conquest gave:
 “ Now where’s thy pois’nous sting, O death!
 “ And where thy victory grave?

CCXXI. Common Metre.

On the death of pious relatives and friends.

1 Theff. iv. 13. 14.

I.

WHEN pious Laz’rus breath’d his last,
 A friend to Jesus dear;
 Jesus, the man of sorrows sigh’d
 And dropt the tender tear.

II.

We too the tender tear may drop
 O’er pious friends remov’d;
 Griev’d when the world has lost a saint
 By Christ his Lord approv’d.

III.

Thus nature’s dictates we obey,
 And vent our inward grief;
 But streaming tears and plaintive sighs
 Afford but small relief.

IV.

Hear, mourners, hear, ’tis faith now speaks:
 “ Why should ye longer weep?
 “ Know that the pious friends you mourn
 “ In Jesus sweetly sleep.

“ Let

V.

- “ Let stupid Heathens hopeless grieve
 “ And sorrow to excess :
 “ The saint who hopes for future bliss,
 “ Should soon his tears suppress.

VI.

- “ Know that the time ere long shall come,
 “ Blest birth-day of the just !
 “ When Christ shall bring his saints with him
 “ And wake their sleeping dust.

VII.

- “ Jesus the blest first-fruits arose,
 “ And hence the lively hope :
 “ Hence the sweet earnest which ensures
 “ The full and ripen'd crop.

VIII.

- “ His power shall change the viler clay,
 “ A glorious form to wear :
 “ His body shall the pattern be,
 “ And their's the image fair.”

IX.

- Thus faith our drooping spirits cheers,
 Then let us grieve no more ;
 But tread the steps our pious friends
 Have mark'd and trod before.

X.

- Thus may we hope safe to arrive
 At the same world of bliss :
 Our former friendships there renew,
 And all our griefs dismiss.

The

CCXXII. Common Metre.

The blessedness of the dead that die in the Lord.
Rev. xiv. 13.

I.

YES, they are blest, the dead are blest
Who die in Christ their Lord:
Thus spake the voice from heaven, and lo!
The spirit seals the word.

II

To all their labours, and their toils
They bid their long adieu:
And to the world of perfect rest
Their works shall them pursue.

III.

Sickness and tort'ring pains belong
To this dark vale of tears:
Snares, and temptations are without,
Within are doubts and fears.

IV.

But the blest mansions of the just
Are safe from every ill:
Disease and pain shall vex no more
But lose their power to kill.

V.

Death, with it's hateful parent sin,
Shall sink in endless night:
The saints shall wash their garments clean,
And shine in robes of light:

VI.

The lamb shall lead to living streams
Whose waters ne'er decay:
And God with his own hand shall wipe
Their former tears away.

Arriv'd

VII.

Arriv'd at their blest port they hear
 The tempest rage no more;
 But bless the hand that brought them safe
 To the eternal shore.

CCXXIII. Common Metre.

*The christian's consolation against the fear of death
 from the prospect of a glorious resurrection.*

I.

WHY should the saint be griev'd to find
 This earthly house decay?
 Why dread the grave when faith proclaims
 A glorious rising day?

II.

Yes, the great prince, who holds the keys
 Of death and hell, will come:
 That powerful voice which nature form'd
 Shall break up every tomb.

III.

Vile as the breathless body is,
 Consign'd to worms and dust;
 It then a radiant form shall take
 More glorious than the first.

IV.

In incorruption it shall rise
 (So speaks the book of truth);
 And bloom secure from every ill
 In an immortal youth.

V

Refin'd from earthly dregs it's food
 Shall be celestial meat:
 Fruits pluckt from life's unfading tree
 The fruits which Angels eat.

VI.

The earthly image shall be chang'd

To wear a form divine:

What can't the mighty Saviour do,

When love and power combine?

VII.

Why then, ye saints, should you regret

To quit your feeble clay,

Who hope for such a glorious change

At the great rising day?

CCXXIV. Common Metre.

*The grand separation; or the sheep divided from
the goats. Mat. xxv. 31.--xxxv.*

I.

BEHOOLD he comes---the judge appears,
With all his glories crown'd:

Behold each nation, tribe and tongue,

The judgment seat surround.

II.

View well the righteous, mark the joy

O'er ev'ry feature spread:

But Oh! what pale affrighted looks,

Bespeak the sinner's dread.

III.

Now truth appears, no envious cloud

Can hide her radiant face:

Now names and forms, and borrow'd masks

No more shall find a place.

IV.

As from his sheep the shepherd parts

The goats at even-tide,

So from the good, the righteous judge

The wicked shall divide.

Rang'd

V.

Rang'd on the right, the pious race,
 Shall their glad sentence hear :
 Whilst on the left, th' ungodly world
 Too late their doom shall fear.

VI.

Among the saints at Christ's right hand,
 May I, Lord, find a place ;
 Enroll'd among the heirs of God,
 The first-born sons of grace.

VII.

Then shall I all-enraptur'd hear,
 The judge pronounce me blest ;
 And share the kingdom long prepar'd,
 That sweet and endless rest.

CCXXV. Common Metre.

*Seeing through a glass, or our present knowledge
 imperfect. 1 Cor. xiii. 12.*

I.

HOW little we poor mortals know ?
 And yet how vain is man ?
 He boasts of wisdom, but alas !
 His knowledge is a span.

II.

'Tis through a glass obscure we look,
 And truth we distant spy ;
 Fancy, false medium, comes between,
 And cheats our feeble eye.

III.

Now superstition, antic form,
 The garb of truth will wear :
 Now error marrs her beauteous face,
 That shone divinely fair.

IV.

Ten thousand objects lie conceal'd
 In ænigmatic dress :
 'Tis but the smallest part we see,
 The rest we only guess.

V.

The present state our nonage is,
 We think as children do ;
 Like them we reason, talk and act,
 And have our trifles too.

VI.

'Tis by dim twilight mortals walk,
 Led by false fires we stray ;
 Forc'd oft to measure back our steps
 To gain the narrow way.

VII.

Strangers at home, we rove abroad,
 The fields of science trace ;
 From star to star our fancies run,
 Lost in th' unbounded space.

VIII.

Nature her choicest secrets hides
 From man's most curious eye ;
 Puzzl'd is he, and baffl'd quite,
 By every worm and fly.

IX.

The God of nature who shall then
 Presume to comprehend ?
 Whose matchless, boundless glories far
 Our highest thoughts transcend.

X.

How shall our narrow scanty span,
 Immensity confine ?
 How reach those heights, and sound those
 depths,
 Beyond an Angel's line ? There's

XI.

There's not the smallest grain of sand,
 On ocean's ample shore,
 But 'scapes our search, and seems to say,
 Man, wonder and adore.

XII.

The ways of providence how dark !
 It's mazes who can shew ?
 Too long the chain, the links too fine
 For mortal eyes to view.

XIII.

What a thick veil of flesh divides
 The other life from this ?
 Hell---who can this sad world describe ?
 Or who the heaven of bliss ?

XIV.

Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor heart conceiv'd the joys
 Of that pure bliss which fills the soul,
 But never, never cloy.

XV.

Wait humbly then, my soul, 'till thou
 Shalt drop this cumb'rous clay ;
 Then shall thy twilight cease, and all
 Be one perpetual day.

CCXXVI. Common Metre.

*Seeing face to face ; or knowledge made perfect
 in heaven. 1 Cor. xiii. 12.*

I.

THERE is an heavenly paradise,
 Where fruits immortal grow ;
 Where streams from life's unmixed spring,
 In ceaseless currents flow.

'Tis

II.

'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And ever blossoms here :
There's no forbidden fruit to tempt,
Nor guileful serpent near.

III.

The bliss of death, the sweet surprize
The blest alone can tell :
Could saints now know the bliss, who could
On earth contented dwell ?

IV.

O may my soul be well prepar'd
To take from earth her flight !
May some kind angel me conduct
To this pure world of light.

V.

Then shall I need a glass no more,
No more my dimness own :
But shall as clearly see, and know
As I am seen and known.

VI.

No longer shall I doubtful walk
By faith's more glimmering ray ;
No longer need the prop of hope,
My drooping soul to stay.

VII.

'Tis vision, 'tis fruition all,
A pure and steady light :
Nor mists, nor clouds shall veil my day,
Nor shall I see a night.

VIII.

Then shall I drink the streams of truth
Pure at the fountain head :
Shall hunger just as Angels do,
And with their food be fed.

No

IX.

No more like children shall I talk;
 Nor reason in their strain:
 The perfect man in wisdom ripe,
 Will childish toys disdain.

X.

Disputes, sad bane to love and peace;
 Shall then be known no more;
 All with one eye shall see, and all
 With one consent adore.

XI.

The wond'rous scheme of providence
 Now wrapt in shades of night;
 I then shall view without a veil,
 And see that all was right.

XII.

With what new transport shall I trace
 The grace which rescued man;
 When my blest eyes shall gaze on all
 The beauties of the plan?

XIII.

But O to see the face of God
 As Angels it behold!
 And by this sight to be transform'd,
 Who can the bliss unfold?

CCXXVII. Long Metre.

*The peaceful society of heaven; or the spirits
 of just men made perfect. Heb. xii. 23.*

I.

BLEST are the saints that dwell above,
 In the pure element of love:
 They know no rage, nor cruel spleen,
 But all is peaceful and serene.

Celestial

II.

Celestial love each breast inspires,
 Kindling within her purest fires :
 To harps of gold they sweetly sing,
 Nor is there found a jarring string.

III.

How blest on earth would mortals be,
 Did love constrain them to agree ?
 Drawn by her soft and powerful cords
 Of mighty deeds and gentle words.

IV.

Did love unfeign'd each heart engage,
 'Twould be a truly golden age :
 Then should we shew our heavenly birth,
 And heaven itself descend to earth.

V.

Ye sons of strife your wrath forbear,
 Nor like wild beasts pursue and tear :
 How can ye think to dwell above,
 Who have not learnt the art to love ?

VI.

Ye zealots, vain will be each plea
 Whilst zeal consumes your charity :
 Love only can pure zeal inspire,
 The rest is strange and dang'rous fire.

CCXXVIII.

The same as the 148th Psalm.

I.

HOW happy are the saints
 Who dwell and reign above !
 How calm their region is,
 The element of love !

They

They know no rage,
Or cruel spleen:
Peaceful each breast,
Each face serene.

II.

Here love celestial reigns,
And kindles her pure fires;
Each feels the sacred warmth,
And each to please conspires:
To harps of gold
They sweetly sing;
Nor is there found
A jarring string.

III.

How happy here below
Would every mortal be!
Did love their passions sooth
To peace and harmony:
Drawn by her soft
But powerful cords
Of friendly deeds
And gentle words.

IV.

Did love's soft powers prevail,
And every heart engage,
With joy should we behold
A truly golden age.
Then should we shew
Our heavenly birth,
And heaven itself
Descend to earth.

V.

Ye noisy sons of strife,
Your furious wrath forbear;

Nor like the savage beasts

Delight to rage and tear :

How can ye hope

To dwell above,

Who have not learnt

The art to love ?

VI.

Ye zealots blind and fierce,

Vain will be every plea,

Whilst your destroying zeal

Consumes your charity :

'Tis love alone

Pure zeal inspires ;

The rest are strange

And dang'rous fires.

CCXXIX. Common Metre.

A view of heaven by faith.

I.

MOUNT up my thoughts, and chearful
view

The glorious realms above ;

Where truth and peace fix their abode,

Where reigns immortal love.

II.

Here God displays his mildest beams,

His gracious throne around :

Here Jesus smiles, and Angels sing

To harps of sweetest sound.

III.

O could my faith in part remove,

The veil that hangs between ;

And to my purer sight present

The things by sense unseen !

How

IV.

How should I pity all that make
 This world their highest joy?
 Defraud their souls, and miss of heaven,
 To gain a gilded toy.

V.

My soul with heaven possesst how small
 Would this mean earth appear?
 It's joys, should not excite one wish,
 It's ills, command a tear.

VI.

The new, the lively hope within,
 My soul should purify:
 Angels should view their forms in me,
 And lend me wings to fly.

VII.

Then should death seize my mortal frame,
 I'd welcome my release;
 And triumph as kind Angels waft
 My soul to endless peace:

CCXXX. Common Metre.

The steward preparing to give his account. Luke
 xvi. 2.

THE time draws nigh, my soul, when
 thou

Thy last account must give:
 When thy whole life shall be survey'd
 By him who bid thee live.

II.

How many talents, O my God,
 Hast thou bestow'd on me?
 But yet how little can be found,
 That I have done for thee?

III.

My health, my time, my worldly store,
 And thy more precious word
 Thy talents are ; for these must I
 Account to thee my Lord.

IV.

Much of my time alas ! I've lost,
 And much have I mispent ;
 How careless of my grand concerns,
 On trifles how intent ?

V.

How little good have I receiv'd ?
 How little have I done ?
 How oft my feet have trod the paths
 I know I ought to shun ?

VI.

Pity my weakness, gracious God,
 My sins thro' Christ forgive :
 Teach me henceforth not to myself
 But unto thee to live.

VII.

O may the slothful servant's doom
 My holy care excite :
 Each talent may I well improve,
 And in thy work delight.

VIII.

Then like a faithful steward I
 Shall stand before thy seat :
 Let me but hear, Well Done, at last,
 My bliss will be compleat.

The

CCXXXI. Common Metre.

The great day of revelation. Ecc. xii. 14.

I.

MORTALS give ear, the awful day,
 The last, the great assize
 Advances swift as minutes fly
 The guilty to surprize,

II.

That eye which sees thro' darkest shades
 Of secrecy and night ;
 That ear which every whisper hears
 Shall bring each deed to light.

III.

How will the guilty trembling stand
 To see their sins reveal'd ?
 And all their thoughts made publick then
 Which lay before conceal'd.

IV.

Horror and anguish seize their souls,
 Despoil'd of each disguise :
 Despair now racks their guilty breasts,
 And hope for ever dies.

V.

Not so the righteous—they shall stand,
 Nor vengeance them affright :
 The judge who goodness loves will bring
 Their secret good to light.

VI.

Blushing with joy, the saint shall hear
 Each pious deed proclaim'd :
 And see his name with honour shine
 By malice once defam'd.

Thus

VII.

Thus by an interposing sphere
 The sun is veil'd in night,
 But soon he shews his face with all
 The majesty of light.

CCXXXII. Short Metre.

Christ's first and second coming. Phil. ii. 7, 8,
 Mat. xvi. 27.

I.

BEHOLD from realms of light
 God's son descends to earth:
 His form divine with flesh he veils,
 And humble is his birth.

II.

The servant's form he wears,
 And takes the servant's place;
 Upon a shameful cross expires
 To save our guilty race.

III.

But in a different form
 He will one day be known:
 In his great father's glory drest,
 And shining in his own.

IV.

Amidst a glittering train
 He shall to earth descend:
 And his ten thousand happy saints
 Admiring shall attend.

V.

Whilst they behold their king
 With heavenly glories crown'd;
 In sweetest strains their tuneful tongues
 Shall his high honours sound.

His

VI.

His foes shall trembling stand
Before his awful throne:
Whilst to the world this righteous judge
Shall make his justice known.

CCXXXIII. Common Metre.

The certainty of Christ's coming to judgement.

James v. 9. Rev. x. 5, 6.

I.

HE'LL come—the judgewill surely come,
Ye Atheists mock no more;
His chariot wheels are hast'ning on,
The judge is at the door.

II.

Swift glide the streams of time along
To bring the awful day;
Each flying hour withdrawing fays,
The judge will not delay.

III.

See where the mighty Angel stands,
Embracing sea and shore;
To heaven he lifts his hand, and swears
That time shall be no more.

IV.

He swears—behold the judge descends
His office to compleat:
The tribes of Adam trembling stand
Before the judgment seat.

V.

Prepare, my soul, to meet thy judge,
Thy life throughout survey:
From evil cease, and learn the good
If thou would'st stand that day.

Wash'd

VI.

Wash'd in thy Saviour's blood thy robes
 Shall be both clean and white;
 An holy soul can view it's judge,
 And triumph in the sight.

CCXXXIV. Long Metre.

*The descent of the judge; or the grand tribunal
 erected.*

I.

MY soul pursues no vulgar theme,
 The force of wit, or beauty's charm :
 The last assize, the judge supreme,
 My inmost heart and soul alarm.

II.

See where he comes with solemn state,
 In cloudy chariot swiftly borne :
 Myriads of Angels on him wait,
 His awful progress to adorn.

III.

A mighty trump the signal gives
 That wakes the nations under ground;
 Affrights the sea, it's dead revives,
 Who hear alike the powerful sound.

IV.

Sublime in air is fix'd a throne,
 Wrought of a large and splendid cloud ;
 From hence the judge to all is known,
 Round this the trembling nations croud.

V.

Among the rest must I appear,
 Before the glittering judgment seat:
 O may I have no cause to fear,
 But in the judge the Saviour meet !

Now

VI.

Now would I make the judge my friend,
 Accept his grace, his laws obey;
 Then with the judge shall I ascend
 To worlds of bliss and endless day.

CCXXXV. Long Metre.

The books opened. Rev. xx. 12.

I.

MEthinks the last great day is come,
 I seem to hear the trumpet sound,
 Which shakes the earth, rends every tomb,
 And wakes the pris'ners under ground.

II.

The mighty deep gives up her trust,
 Aw'd by the judge's high command:
 The small and great now quit their dust,
 And round the dread tribunal stand.

III.

In vain the wicked strive to shun
 The judge's quick, and piercing eye:
 In vain to hills and mountains run,
 And to the rocks for shelter cry.

IV.

This bar impartial will not know
 Nor birth, nor rank, nor royal state;
 Nor kings are high, nor beggars low,
 The good are here, the only great.

V.

Behold the awful books display'd,
 Big with th' important fates of men;
 Each deed and word now public made,
 As wrote by heaven's unerring pen.

VI.

To every work the books assign
 The joyous, or the sad reward :
 Sinners in vain lament and pine,
 No pleas the judge will here regard.

VII.

Lord, when these awful leaves unfold,
 May life's fair book my works approve :
 There may I read my name enroll'd,
 And triumph in redeeming love :

CCXXXVI. Long Metre.

The end of the world. 2 Pet. iii. 11.

I.

THE day, the solemn day shall come,
 The long-delayed day of doom :
 The hour when God shall awful rise,
 And fears a guilty world surprize.

II.

Heaven's greatest light, the glorious sun,
 No more his wonted course shall run :
 No more divide the varied year,
 Oblig'd to quit his lofty sphere.

III.

The moon, and stars extinguish'd quite,
 No more shall rule the silent night :
 Nor silver planets longer run
 In dance harmonious round the sun.

IV.

No sooner shall th' Almighty call
 But flames shall seize this earthly ball :
 And heaven's high frame without delay
 With hideous crash shall pass away.

Their

V.

Their seats the frightened mountains quit,
The shrinking seas their shores forget;
In rapid streams of mingled fire
The hissing elements expire.

VI.

These awful scenes my soul bring near,
For this tremendous day prepare:
How just, how holy must thou be
If thou with joy this day would'st see?

CCXXXVII. Common Metre.

The new Jerusalem. Rev. vii. 15. &c. xxi. 4.
22, &c.

I.

THERE is a city large and fair,
Beyond the lofty skies:
Not built by feeble hands of flesh,
Unseen by mortal eyes.

II.

Here 'tis th' Almighty builder God,
Has fix'd his shining throne:
Here to his saints, from flesh releas'd,
He makes his glories known.

III.

Within this new Jerusalem
No temple can be found:
Nor temple can that city need
Where all is holy ground.

IV.

No sun it wants to form the day;
Nor moon to shine by night;
God is it's temple, and the Lamb
It's bright and constant light.

V.

The everlasting pearly gates
 Are ever open here :
 In light the blessed nations walk,
 Nor dangers know nor fear.

VI.

Sickness and pain they feel no more,
 For death is fled away :
 The Lamb's pure streams of life they drink
 Throughout th' immortal day.

VII.

No more they hunger, thirst no more,
 Nor fetch one plaintive sigh ;
 The God of peace, their God shall wipe
 All tears from every eye.

VIII.

But the profane, and the impure
 In wrath will he disclaim :
 The Lamb's fair book of life rejects
 Each vile and filthy name.

CCXXXVIII. Common Metre,

**Christ's baptism our example,*

I.

I Come, the great redeemer cries,
 To do thy will, O Lord :
 At Jordan's flood behold he seals
 The sure prophetic word.

II.

“ Thus it becomes us to fulfill
 “ All righteousness ; he said,
 “ He spake obedient, and beneath
 “ The yielding wave was laid.”

See

* This and the following hymn are suited to those that practise adult baptism.

III.

See, as he rises from the flood,
The opening heaven divides;
Dove-like the Holy-Ghost descends,
And on his head abides,

IV.

Hark! a glad voice, the father speaks
From heaven's exalted height;
"This is my son, my well-belov'd,
"My joy, my chief-delight.

V.

Hail Jesus! Saviour well belov'd!
Thy name we will profess;
Like thee desirous to fulfill
Each law of righteousness.

VI.

On us the blessed unction pour
Of the celestial dove:
On us for ever may he rest,
And seal our father's love.

VII.

With water wash'd, but better cleans'd
In a diviner flood;
Our lives, well form'd by thine, shall shew
The virtues of thy blood.

CCXXXIX. Common Metre.

An hymn before baptism. Rom. vi. 4.

I.

ONCE was the great Redeemer plung'd
In Jordan's sacred flood:
Joyful we follow him who came
By water and by blood.

Yet

II

Yet not the purest streams that flow
 Can wash from guilt within :
 The blood of Christ, that richer stream,
 Must cleanse from every sin.

III.

Come ye of contrite hearts, and mourn
 The error of your ways :
 Repent, and pard'ning grace shall turn
 Your sighs to songs of praise.

IV.

Come, and obey your Saviour's laws,
 Unaw'd by fear, or shame :
 Come, and with water seal the love
 You bear to his great name.

V.

Buried with Christ, with him we die
 Unto the world and sin :
 Risen with him, we must the new,
 The heavenly life begin.

VI.

Jesus, no more are we our own,
 But thine in bonds of love :
 O may such bonds for ever draw
 Our souls to things above !

CCXL. Common Metre.

*Religion the foundation of national happiness :
 suited to a time of war. Prov. xiv. 34.*

I.

RELIGION ne'er by art was form'd,
 To awe the vulgar mind :
 Her charming features well survey,
 And soon her birth you'll find.

Offspring

II.

Offspring of heaven, on man she darts.

Her most propitious ray :

His welfare is her highest wish,

To bliss she points the way.

III.

A righteous sceptre she holds forth

To grace the hands of kings :

The fathers of their people she

Protects beneath her wings.

IV.

Subjects by her wise maxims taught,

Their rank, and duty know :

Thus whilst she props the throne, her gifts

Extend to all below.

V.

Kingdoms and states, or rise or fall,

As virtue ebbs or flows :

'Tis her's to make the weakest strong,

Whilst vice the strong o'erthrows.

VI.

Britain be wise, thy foes well know ;

Thy sins the greatest far :

To these thy utmost strength oppose,

And wage eternal war.

VII.

Then fearless trust, the Lord of hosts

Will teach thy hands to fight :

Secure thy empire o'er the seas,

And put thy foes to flight.

CCXLI. Common Metre.

The churches security, and the destruction of her enemies. Mat. xvi. 18.

I.

NOW let the church glad homage pay,
 To her exalted king:
 Jesus her glory and defence,
 Ye faints united sing.

II.

Why should dark fears o'ercloud your faith,
 And all your courage shock?
 Jesus the sure foundation fix'd:
 Firm on the stable rock.

III.

Let earth and hell in league combin'd,
 With all their might assail:
 The sacred fabrick still must stand,
 Nor hell's proud gates prevail.

IV.

The mighty God that rules the skies,
 Shall their wild rage restrain:
 In vain they form their cruel Schemes,
 And boast their power in vain.

V.

She that a bitter cup has mix'd,
 Shall one more bitter drink:
 As falls the mill-stone in the deep,
 Proud Babylon shall sink.

VI.

Rejoice ye faints, the vengeance long,
 For her laid up in store,
 Is hastening on, and Babylon
 Shall sink to rise no more.

CCXLII. Long Metre.

* *Britain's dangers and deliverances.*

I.

IN joyful strains ye Britons sing,
The praises of your God and king :
Tell of his wondrous works and ways,
How far above your highest praise !

II.

Sing how his gospel's glorious ray
Chas'd error's gloomy night away :
Bid truth with all her charms arise,
And liberty salute our eyes.

III.

Blest be the gracious hand that broke
Of Rome and hell, the galling yoke :
Blest voice that sounds a jubilee,
And bids the captive souls go free !

IV.

Oft have the sons of Rome combin'd
To forge new fetters for the mind :
But watchful heaven, our friend supreme,
As oft has broke the cursed scheme.

V.

Let plots with ruin big be laid,
Contriv'd in hell's most secret shade ;
Yet hell's dark shades shall not conceal,
What heaven all-gracious will reveal.

VI.

The wretches see, with sore affright,
Their cruel schemes all brought to light :
In the same fatal net ensnar'd,
They had for Britain's sons prepar'd.

N n

Briton's

* This and the following hymn are suited to the 5th of Nov.

VII.

Briton's rejoice, and love the Lord,
 Whilst ye his wond'rous acts record;
 And let your best obedience prove
 The strength and greatness of your love.

CCXLIII. Common Metre.

Britain's happiness and duty.

I.

BLEST land! where truth divinely fair,
 With liberty can smile;
 Thou Britain art the happy spot,
 Of heaven the favourite isle.

II.

Defended by th' embracing seas,
 And blest with fertile soil;
 No hostile bands thy harvests reap,
 And cheat the labourer's toil.

III.

No shining silver Gods we know,
 Nor golden gods we own;
 Jehovah is our God, and we
 Will worship him alone.

IV.

Rome's iron yoke no more we feel,
 Nor like our fathers groan:
 No haughty Pope commands our faith,
 But conscience is our own.

V.

The book of life with open page,
 Salutes our joyful eyes:
 From hence we draw our purer faith,
 And here our treasure lies.

Blest

VI.

Blest be the hand that burst the yoke,
 And broke it's cruel bands :
 Blest be the God whose power and love
 Surround the British lands.

VII.

Britons be wise, and know your day ;
 Your glad obedience yield :
 Then in new fears your God shall be
 Your Saviour and your shield.

VIII.

Britons stand fast, your ground maintain,
 Since Christ has made you free ;
 Keep far from Rome's tyrannick sway,
 And from her spirit flee.

CCXLIV. Common Metre.

On a publick fast in a time of war.

I.

MOST holy God, thou judge supreme !
 We bow before thy throne ;
 With humble voice, and hearts we come,
 Our numerous sins to own.

II.

As streams impure will constant flow
 From a polluted source ;
 So have our grievous sins run down
 Increasing in their course.

III.

Our crimes alas ! are deep engrav'd
 As with an iron pen ;
 So Judah's were, and we like him,
 Can boast few righteous men.

IV.

If Judah sins, he must expect
 To feel an heavier yoke ;
 Britons that tread in Judah's steps
 Should dread an equal stroke.

V.

See justice draw her glittering sword,
 Whilst mercy says forbear :
 " First let me whet the edge she cries,
 " I fain the land would spare.

VI.

" But if the sinner still rebels
 " My patience kindly flow ;
 " Incens'd at length shall lift her arm,
 " And deal the dreadful blow."

VII.

Britons in time instruction take,
 Remember Judah's fate :
 Least Britain be what Canaan is,
 A land left desolate.

VIII.

Repent, and hope an injur'd God
 Will bless the land he chose :
 Appoint salvation for thy walls,
 And quell thy mighty foes.

THE

T H E

A P P E N D I X.

CCXLV. Common Metre.

Imploring divine direction. Prov. iii. 5, 6.

I.

LORD, through the dubious paths of life
Thy feeble servant guide :
Supported by thy pow'rful arm
My foot-steps shall not slide.

II.

Let others swell'd with empty pride
Of wisdom make their boasts ;
My wisdom and my strength must come
From thee, the Lord of hosts.

III.

'Tis not in man that walks to find
The safe, the narrow way :
Few find the road to solid bliss,
But thousands go astray.

To

IV.

To thee, O my unerring guide!

I would myself resign:

In all my ways acknowledge thee,

And form my will by thine.

V.

Thus shall each blessing of thine hand

Be doubly sweet to me:

And in new griefs I still shall have

A refuge, Lord, in thee.

VI.

Lord, by thy counsel whilst I live

Guide thou my wand'ring feet:

And when my course on earth is run

Conduct me to thy seat.

CCXLVI. Common Metre.

*The duty and advantages of setting God always
before us. Ps. xvi. 8.*

I.

BLEST is the man who always sets
The Lord before his face:

Whose faith can view a present God

Possessing ev'ry place.

II.

Such faith shall well secure the faint,

And make him strong within:

Joseph the present God beheld,

Nor dar'd the youth to sin.

III.

See pleasure, wealth, and honour join

To conquer Moses' heart:

But the brave Hebrew stands unmov'd,

And scorns their feeble art.

Not

IV.

Not Pharaoh's wrath, nor Pharaoh's hosts
 Can his great soul dismay :
 His faith still views a God unseen,
 And Moses will obey.

V.

By such bright patterns ever led,
 And sway'd by Heavenly grace,
 I too shall learn the art to set
 The Lord before my face.

VI.

Thus Jesus did; and widely sheds
 His beams divinely bright:
 Saints are but stars, but he the sun
 Shines with his native light.

VII.

Chear'd by thy presence, O my God!
 Each tempter I'll defy:
 And in the paths of duty run,
 Because thou, Lord, art nigh.

CCXLVII. Long Metre.

On the Lord's day.

I.

COME, let us praise our heavenly king;
 Of grace the never-failing spring:
 Be this our work, this our delight
 From morn to noon, from noon to night.

II.

Let Angels who pure raptures feel
 Witness the fervour of our zeal;
 And see in our bright flames of love
 An emblem of the church above.

Come,

III.

Come, for the sacred hours invite,
 Come, give the Lord of Lords his right :
 Leave earth with it's gay scenes behind,
 To feast on pleasures most refin'd.

IV.

This is the day the Lord hath made,
 On this, his grace and power display'd :
 To day, the Saviour left the dead,
 And his blest triumphs widely spread.

V.

Rejoice, ye Saints, for pardon's your's,
 Such bliss the blood of Christ procures :
 Who shall condemn ? Since Christ that dy'd
 Arose, and now is glorify'd.

VI.

Glory and praise to God on high !
 Who sent his best belov'd to die :
 Glory to him whose blood was giv'n,
 To make a lasting peace with heav'n.

CCXLVIII. Common Metre.

On the same.

I.

THE sun in his unwearied course
 Has chas'd the night away ;
 And now the circling hours have brought
 This first, this sacred day.

II.

Blest day of rest—the emblem sweet
 Of that pure rest above,
 Which knows no toil, no work but that
 Of praise and holy love.

O could

III.

Ô could I like the saints on high
 From mortal cares be free !
 Then should this sacred day of rest
 Be heaven itself to me.

IV.

Mounting aloft I'd scorn the earth
 With all it's glitt'ring dust :
 Borne on the wings of faith I'd view
 The mansions of the just.

V

Lord give my soul these active wings,
 Purge all my dross away ;
 Nor let a single word or thought
 Pollute this sacred day.

VI.

The beauty of thy courts, O Lord,
 My soul shall then admire :
 Such sweet foretastes shall make me long
 To have my heaven entire.

CCXLIX. Long Metre.

The sleeping sinner alarm'd. Rom. xiii. 11, 12.

1 Cor. xv. 34.

I.

A WAKE, my soul, lift up thy eyes,
 Behold the bright immortal prize :
 'Tis time, high time for thee to wake
 When thine eternal all's at stake.

II.

The night is past, the gospel day
 Shines from on high with glad'ning ray :
 Led by this sun thy race begin,
 Nor more indulge the sleep of sin.

O o

When

III.

When death has fix'd thy final state
 Prayers, tears, and wishes come too late :
 Who can conceive, what tongue can tell
 The sad surprize--to wake in hell ?

IV.

Whilst others pleas'd with airy schemes
 Spend a whole life in waking dreams :
 Whilst they for blis a phantom chace,
 And running ever lose the race ;

V.

Lord, open thou my drowsy eyes
 To see where my true int'rest lies :
 May Christ his saving light display,
 And change my darkness into day.

CCL. Common Metre.

*All things are now ready ; or, Room at the gos-
 pel feast. Luke xiv. 16—23.*

I.

COME, for the King of heaven invites,
 The gospel feast attend :
 For men, for sinful men prepar'd,
 What can such grace transcend ?

II.

In honour to his Son the King
 Has made this feast of love :
 Come to his sacred courts with joy,
 And raise your hearts above.

III.

Come, for all things are ready now,
 The table's richly spread ;
 Come, drink, 'tis heavenly wine that flows:
 Come, eat, 'tis heavenly bread.

Come

IV.

Come all ye heavy-laden souls
 Who feel an inward wound;
 Come, for your cure as well as food
 At this blest feast is found.

V.

Ye rich accept the offer'd grace,
 Your vain excuses leave:
 Come all ye poor with thankful hearts
 Your equal share receive.

VI.

Come all ye sons of Adam's race,
 An humble plea assume:
 "Lord there's provision still for more,
 "And, Lord, there still is room."

CCLI. Common Metre.

*The christian's triumph over death in prospect of
 a glorious resurrection. Job xix. 25, 26, 27.*

I.

HEAR whilst the saint his triumph sings
 O'er death the king of dread;
 And boasts his mighty conquests gain'd,
 Through Christ his living head.

II.

He lives---my great Redeemer lives,
 The blessed truth I know:
 Delightful thought! that sooths my griefs,
 And makes my joys o'erflow.

III.

He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
 Will make his work compleat;
 The tyrant Death at length shall lie
 Quite vanquish'd at his feet.

IV.

Let sickness waste my mortal frame,
 And flesh and heart decay ;
 Let death consign my humbled form,
 To greedy worms a prey.

V.

Yet faith dispels the mournful gloom,
 And tells me death is mine :
 The grave, through my redeemer's pow'r,
 Shall but this frame refine.

VI.

Wak'd from the dust I shall behold
 My Saviour with these eyes :
 And view his image stamp'd on me,
 With vast, with sweet surprize.

CCLII. Common Metre.

*Faith in God and Christ the grand support, or
 heavenly mansions prepar'd. John xiv. 1---4.*

I.

LOOK up ye mourning saints and view
 The realms of endless day ;
 Thither the great Fore-runner's gone,
 And shews the certain way.

II.

Yes, to his Father's house he's gone,
 Where many mansions are :
 For you he's gone, and will for you
 A seat of bliss prepare.

III.

He lives, for ever good and just,
 Nor will nor can deceive :
 Ye who can trust a faithful God,
 A Saviour's word believe.

“ When

IV.

“ When I your mansions have prepar’d,
 “ I’ll come to you again ;
 “ And take you to my blisful arms,
 “ For ever to remain.

V.

“ Then let not trouble seize your hearts,
 “ But dry up ev’ry tear :
 “ Believe in God, believe in me,
 “ And you have nought to fear.”

VI.

Jesus, thy words of grace and truth
 Support the fainting heart :
 O may I read them ’till I’ve learnt,
 To bid all fears depart.

CCLIII. Common Metre.

The unchanging Saviour. Heb. xiii. 8.

I.

COME let our chearful songs adore
 Our Saviour’s gracious name ;
 Jesus we sing, delightful theme !
 And Jesus still the same.

II.

Firm as a rock his gospel stands,
 The same in ev’ry age :
 Eternal truth has wrote the lines,
 And guards the sacred page.

III.

Let heav’n and earth both pass away,
 What can his truth assail ?
 He will fulfill the words he spake,
 Nor shall one tittle fail.

Not

IV.

Not the high honours of his throne
 Abate his tender love :
 Still on his heart his friends he bears,
 And pleads their cause above.

V.

The contrite heart he still regards,
 And heals the inward pain :
 No humble soul shall ever say,
 He fought his grace in vain.

VI.

Jesus our Saviour, and our Lord,
 We praise thy gracious name ?
 Thy truth and grace, thy pow'r and love,
 For ever are the same.

CCLIV. Common Metre.

A warning to Britain. Rev. ii. 4, 5.

I.

THE night is past, the doleful shades,
 Have long been chas'd away ;
 The gospel light on Britain shines,
 And makes a glorious day.

II.

O happy Britain, didst thou know
 What most concerns thy peace !
 Then would kind heaven secure thy shores,
 And all thy bliss increase.

III.

How blest were Asia's churches once,
 Whilst virtue made them shine ?
 But when their love and zeal was lost,
 How soon did they decline ?

'Twas

IV.

'Twas vice eclips'd and quite obscur'd
 The gospel's glorious light ;
 Their day of grace abus'd brought on
 A long and doleful night.

V.

Read Britain, read in Asia's doom
 What dangers threaten thee :
 Fly far from Asia's crimes if thou
 Would'st from her doom be free.

CCLV. Short Metre.

The blessedness of the peace-makers. Mat. v. 9.

I.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
 Whose souls are distant far
 From envy, jealousies and rage,
 From tumult, noise and war.

II.

Their work it is, and joy
 To sow the seeds of peace ;
 To join divided hearts and hands,
 And make all discord cease.

III.

How glorious is their name !
 The sons of God most high ;
 How great their bliss to have their God,
 Their Father ever nigh !

IV.

See in their placid looks,
 The heav'n that dwells within :
 Learn from the sons of peace their art,
 And thus your heav'n begin.

Great

V.

Great God of love and peace !

Purge clean this heart of mine
From all base passions, and bestow
On me thy peace divine.

VI.

Then shall I, Lord, delight
In works of peace and love,
'Till I'm translated to the world
Of perfect peace above.

CCLVI. Common Metre.

The great salvation. Heb. ii. 3.

I.

SALVATION---O the pleasing sound !
It makes my heart rejoice ;
To sing the theme which Angels chuse,
Exalted be our voice.

II.

Come let us sing the Father's love,
Who form'd the happy plan :
Come let's adore the Saviour's grace,
Who rescued ruin'd man.

III.

How great must this salvation be
T' engage th' ETERNAL MIND ?
Great be it ever in our eyes,
Who here all blessings find.

IV.

'Tis the salvation of the soul,
Our best immortal part ;
'Tis the possession of that bliss
That ever cheers the heart.

V.

Nor will the Saviour of the soul,
Neglect the viler clay;
But in new glories build it up,
At the blest rising day.

VI.

Not Israel fav'd from Pharaoh's hands,
Could such deliv'rance tell:
Salvation which no end shall know,
All others must excell.

VII.

Silver and gold boast not your power,
Your brightest charms decay;
Nought but the precious blood of Christ,
Could the great ransom pay.

VIII.

His blood he shed, ye saints rejoice,
Behold your wond'rous cure:
Hear but his voice, and him obey,
And your salvation's sure.

IX.

But should we to his gracious voice,
Turn the rebellious ear,
What vengeance cannot he inflict?
What wrath may we not fear?

CCLVII. Common Metre.

The wisdom of God in the formation of the human body. Ps. cxxxix. 14, 15, 16.

I.

WHEN I with curious eyes survey,
My complicated frame,
I read on ev'ry part inscrib'd
My great Creator's name.

P p

With

II.

With nicest art in secret, Lord,
 Thou didst each member write;
 And when thy model was compleat,
 My eyes beheld the light.

III.

Thou bid'st the purple flood of life,
 In circling streams to flow;
 And send the vital heat above,
 And to each part below.

IV.

My heaving lungs whilst they have pow'r
 To fan the vital flame,
 Rising and falling shall my God,
 Thy wond'rous skill proclaim.

V.

My heart, that fruitful source of life,
 By thee was taught to beat;
 And ev'ry stroke in silence, Lord,
 Does but thy praise repeat.

VI.

My eyes by thee were plac'd aloft,
 And form'd with ease to roll;
 To see thy various beauties spread,
 Betwixt each distant pole.

VII.

Why was my body form'd erect,
 Whilst brutes bow down to earth?
 But that I should well rule for thee,
 And claim my higher birth.

VIII.

Why, Lord, with such distinguish'd art
 Was form'd this tongue of mine?
 But that this glory of the man
 Should sing thy praise divine.

But

IX.

But who can all the wonders tell
 In this small world of man ?
 I'm lost, and own my largest grasp
 Is but a narrow span.

X.

Author of life ! my tongue shall sing,
 The wonders of my frame ;
 Long as I breathe, and think and speak,
 I'll praise thy glorious name.

CCLVIII. Common Metre.

The superior dignity of the human soul.

Job xxxii. 8.---xxxv. 11.

I.

HOW glorious, Lord, are all thy works ?
 In man what wonders meet ?
 The last of all thy works below,
 And he the most compleat.

II.

From thy most skilful hands my flesh
 Receiv'd it's curious frame :
 Each bone and nerve, each vein declares
 The honours of thy name.

III.

But I've a soul, my nobler part,
 Inspir'd by thy own breath ;
 A soul that shall outlive this flesh,
 Nor feel the pow'r of death.

IV.

Whilst sense and instinct lead the brute,
 Nor can they farther go ;
 I, Lord, am wiser form'd and taught,
 My maker God to know.

V.

Reason and conscience, will and choice,
 By thee were kindly given;
 To chuse the good, to shun the ill,
 And gain a blessed heaven.

VI.

My mem'ry, that mysterious power,
 Thy goodness, Lord did give;
 'Tis here my thoughts are buried first,
 And bid again to live.

VII.

'Tis to this treas'rer of the mind
 This song of praise I owe:
 By this I learn what endless gifts
 From thy rich bounty flow.

VIII.

O may thy love enkindle mine,
 And all my passions sway!
 Teach thou each sense and appetite
 My reason to obey.

IX.

Now, Lord, my soul with all it's powers
 To thee would I devote;
 And more than ever strive each day
 Thy glory to promote.

X.

My reason, will and passions all
 By heavenly grace refine;
 So shall my soul in beauty drest
 With thine own image shine.

CCLIX. Common Metre.

The living sacrifice, or religion a reasonable service. Rom. xii. 1.

I.

WHEN I review thy mercies, Lord,
 I ask this soul of mine,
 "What shall I render, O my God,
 "For favours such as thine!

II.

Thy hands have form'd me, 'tis in thee
 I daily live and move:
 And ev'ry hour is bringing still
 Fresh pledges of thy love.

III.

To thee, a living sacrifice,
 My body I present,
 To be employ'd for thee, my God,
 And in thy service spent.

IV.

To thee my soul, my nobler part
 I chearfully resign:
 Rule thou each power, and let me have
 No will, O Lord, but thine.

V.

Bought with a price, a Saviour's blood,
 So freely shed for me;
 I must no longer be my own,
 But live, great God, to thee!

VI.

This reason bids, O give me grace
 My reason to obey!
 And tho' I cant discharge my debts,
 May I delight to pay.

CCLX. Short Metre.

The fourth beatitude; or sacred hunger and thirst.

Mat. v. 6.

I.

O Blessed souls that feel
 A sacred thirst within!
 Who hunger too for righteousness,
 And hate the thought of sin.

II.

'Tis Angel's food to them
 To do their father's will;
 And whilst on such rich food they feast
 They thirst, and hunger still.

III.

How do they pity those
 Who pant for earthly good!
 Who like old Israel's faithless sons
 Despise their heavenly food.

IV.

How do they long to feast
 Like saints that dwell above!
 Who heaven's pure manna eat and drink
 Full draughts of heavenly love.

V.

Nor shall they long in vain,
 The blessed day draws near,
 When they of righteousness shall drink
 Their fill, so long'd for here.

VI.

This holy hunger, Lord,
 This thirst in me excite;
 May righteousness be my pursuit,
 My food and my delight.

Then

VII.

Then in the worlds above,
 Where Angels ever bless
 My longing, panting soul shall, Lord,
 Be fill'd with righteousness.

CCLXI. Common Metre.

*An hymn before sermon; or the parable of the
 sower abridg'd.*

I.

LORD, ere the heavenly seed is sown
 Thy servants hearts prepare;
 And may thy blessing swift descend,
 Brought down by fervent prayer.

II.

Lord of the harvest! God of grace!
 Send down thy heavenly rain;
 In vain we plant without thine aid,
 And water too in vain.

III.

May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
 Defraud us of our gain;
 Nor anxious cares, those cursed thorns,
 Choak up the precious grain.

IV.

Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock
 Where but the blade can spring;
 Which scorch'd with heat becomes by noon
 A dead, a useless thing.

V.

Let not the joys thy gospel gives
 A transient rapture prove:
 Nor may the world by smiles or frowns
 Our faith, and hopes remove.

But

VI.

But may our hearts, like mellow'd soil,
 Receive the heavenly word;
 So shall our fair and ripen'd fruits
 Their hundred-fold afford.

VII.

Then shall our chearful hearts and tongues
 Begin this song divine;
 "Thou, Lord, hast given the rich increase,
 "And be the glory thine.

The above may be sung after sermon by making the
 following alteration in stanza I.

Now, Lord, the heavenly seed is sown
 Be it thy servant's care
 Thy heavenly blessing to bring down
 By humble fervent prayer.

CCLXII. As the 148th Psalm.

A morning hymn taken chiefly from Milton.

I.

COME all my powers unite
 To praise th' Eternal King,
 The Great Invisible,
 Of light and life the spring:
 Parent of good!
 Almighty God!
 The earth and heavens
 Obey thy nod.

II.

Nature's stupendous frame,
 Great Architect! is thine;
 Thy varied works proclaim
 Thy skill and power divine:

If

If in thy works
 Such beauties are,
 Thou, Lord, must be
 Surpassing fair.

III.

Speak first, ye Angels pure,
 Ye shining sons of light,
 For ye his glories view,
 Tho' veil'd to mortal sight;
 Circling his throne,
 With joy ye raise
 Your tuneful voice
 To sing his praise.

IV.

All ye in heaven that dwell,
 And ye on earth join all,
 Him first, and last, and best
 With chearful voice extol:
 He feels no change,
 Nor fears an end;
 His greatness who
 Shall comprehend?

V.

Ye Stars of light, which fix'd,
 The wide expanse adorn,
 * Ye silver Planets too
 Which usher in the morn,
 † Ye wand'ring fires,
 Where'er ye rove

Q q

Proclaim

* Tho' the planet Venus is call'd the morning star, yet it is equally true of the other planets, that they are sometimes the harbingers of the rising sun.

† Milton speaks agreeable to the ancient philosophy, which suppos'd that the planets shone with their own native light.

Proclaim the power
By which ye move.

VI.

Thou Sun, of this great world
Both eye and quick'ning soul,
Whose beams extensive reach
The North and Southern pole;
Thy greater Lord
Rejoice to praise,
Who deck'd thy orb
With golden rays.

VII.

Him praise, thou world of fire,
Whilst climbing in thy might,
Him praise, when thou hast gain'd
Thy arduous noon-tide height;
Then hast'ning to
Thy watry bed
O'er gilded waves
His glories spread.

VIII.

Most glorious emblem thou,
Of that Great Infinite
Who from the darksome void
Call'd up the chearing light:
He ever gives,
But still has more;
His gifts can ne'er
Decrease his store.

IX.

Thou Moon, fair queen of night,
Who meet'st the orient sun;
Now hast'ning in thy course
His nearest beams dost shun,

Praise

Praise him, who all
 Thy wand'rings guides,
 And bade thee rule
 The swelling tides.

X.

Ye fruitful Elements
 Your maker's praise display,
 Whilst all your genial powers
 His influence wide convey;
 In all your forms,
 Through nature's round,
 In every change
 His honours sound.

XI.

Praise him, ye Meteor's bright
 And Exhalations all,
 That now ascend aloft,
 Or in soft rain-drops fall;
 Now float in clouds
 Of golden hue;
 Or shine in drops
 Of pearly dew.

XII.

Ye Winds, that softly blow,
 In whispers speak his praise;
 And when in dreadful storms
 Your loudest voice ye raise:
 Ye Plants; ye Pines
 Of lofty brow
 Your heads in sign
 Of rev'rence bow.

XIII.

Ye Springs, and chrystal Floods
 Which gently warbling flow,

In ceaseless murmurs pay
The grateful debt you owe :

Bear on your wings
Ye Birds his praise,
And mounting sing
Your sweetest lays.

XIV.

Fishes, that gliding cut
The silver streams, or seas ;
And ye for whom the earth
Was form'd alike to please,
Who lowly creep,
Or stately tread,
Your maker's praise
Unwearied spread.

XV.

Ye creatures, chief in rank,
For whom earth teeming smiles,
And ever bounteous heaven
In choicest gifts distills ;
Ye, that may God
Your father call,
“ Crown the great hymn,”
Be tongue for all.

XVI.

Man, thou inferior Lord,
Speak louder than the rest,
Let gratitude most pure
Inspire thy panting breast :
Thy heart, and tongue
Each morning raise,
To sing thy great
Creator's praise.

*The wise choice ; or the words of eternal life
found with Christ only. John vi. 68.*

I.

LET my blest Saviour's doctrines give
To earthly minds offence,
I him adore, the Living Bread,
And draw my life from thence.

II.

Let an ungrateful fickle throng
Forsake my heavenly guide ;
I know his voice, his words I'll hear
And with him will abide.

III.

Yes, O my Saviour, the blest words
Of endless life are thine :
Where shall we go but, Lord, to thee
Thou teacher all-divine ?

IV.

Great sun of righteousness ! thy beams
Have chas'd away the night ;
Life, and immortal joys by thee
Are fully brought to light.

V.

Thou hast mark'd out the path to bliss
Lest we should miss the way :
Lord, may we tread these holy paths,
And never go astray.

VI.

The hope of bliss, through all my toils,
My drooping soul shall cheer
Thy presence, and supporting grace,
Shall banish every fear.

VII.

Eternal life, thy promise is,
Thy truth shall make it good;
For this rich gift, unspeakable!
Was purchas'd by thy blood.

T H E E N D.

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Suited to the principal subjects contained in
the foregoing Hymns.

Note, The figures refer to the number of the Hymn.

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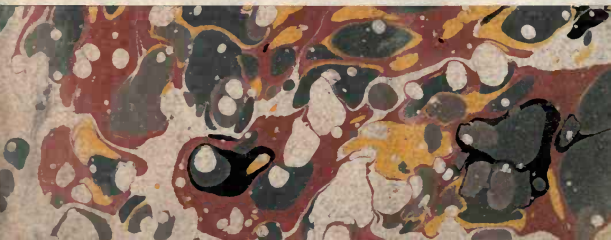
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